

CAVALCADE

AUGUST, 1954

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HUNCHES AREN'T ALL HOOEY —page 16

NOTORIOUS ELOISA WAGNER —page 8



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NEXT MONTH

The days when an accident victim, a cripple or a diseased person was doomed to spend the rest of his life in a world of spidy chairs, thanks to rehabilitation centers. Read "New Lives For Them" by Monica McEwen. Some devices have been granted on fantastic grounds. "The Business of Divorce" is the title. Rhye Beedine tells of the "Courtroom Of The Limp-Bomb War" of the second world war. Ray Mitchell asks, "Who'd He Ever Beat?" a leading article, James Hollidge wants to fight with his usual crime fact. D'Arcy Nield is well to the fore with a grand fiction and there are the usual Cavalcade features.

Like a square dance caller, the witch doctor calls the men and women together. Their feasting is unrelaxed.

PETER HARGRAVES



The Fatal Feast

ONE of the most distinctive and interesting of wild Zulus of Central Africa are the tall, sturdy-skinned Zoshos, also known as Buths. They have no peas in burning, sweating and calling lies.

When they do their forest in the province to harness themselves.

Ordinarily each Buth community is ruled by a chief, but his influence is secondary to that of the witch doctor. It consists of several thousand natives living together in a village of mud and grass huts.

The Buths live in a fertile, and the lives of the men are easy and pleasant. The women—of whom each Buth man has about a dozen, as wives—do all the field work, and guard their large herds of cattle, and milk and weave the copious quantities of native beer the men

consume. When not mulling in the sun cooling the beer down half-gallon gourd, the men hunt. They wear no clothes except for a small loincloth of some animal. Around their necks they wear an amulet from a piece of cord.

As hunters the Buths are crafty, most concerned with results than sport. Their weapons are spears and poison-tipped arrows, but they are generally used only to finish off the game.

The women have the job of digging deep game pits in the ground. The bottoms of the pits are staked with thick poles, with sharpened sticks pointing upwards.

Shin sticks or rods are laid over the top of the pit and covered with grass and leaves. The game fall into

the pits and are impaled on the sharpened poles.

Waiting women baited back to the village and return the case of the catch. It takes a while for them to summon up the satisfaction to have the captured prey eaten. When they do descend to visit the game pit, the captured animal is generally half dead.

Another Buth hunting method is the wholesale slaughter of entire herds. The village turns out when a herd, antelope or other game in large numbers are reported in the vicinity.

With age-old strategy, they are surprised and gradually driven into a swamp. As they thruster helplessly in the mud, they are destroyed quickly and easily with a spear thrust. The Buth women at such times in the bushes and hand them back to the village.

Everything is then suspended while the tribe gorges itself on the meat. They have no notion of preserving it. To their loved ones the best receipts for it are their own stomachs. A Buth looks through nothing of devouring the best part of a whole antelope in 24-hour gorge-munching.

The Buth men, finding their lives of ease and consumption, have time for the observation of all the social customs. They are regarded as the most courteous of all African natives. They have developed and observed a prodigious code of good manners.

But they haven't always been so courteous. As part of the warlike Zulus they came into conflict with the British in 1879. At first the war was unfortunate for the British troops, but in July of that year a general engagement took place at Ulundi and the power of the Zulus was completely crushed.

Ultimately the Buths took over a portion of the country, while the remaining portion was annexed by the British in 1887 and, in 1897 was incorporated with Natal.

Their respect for others' feelings has made them expert liars. It has become second nature with them. Even amongst themselves, their most frequent expression is "What?", meaning, "You're a liar." However it is used more in an affectionate than a derogatory way.

The Buth is such a liar that he cannot tell you his own name. When ever a white man asks him what he is called, he answers a fictitious name—either to keep in practice, from a spirit of fun or just for the hell of it.

Despite their good manners, however, all the Buths are addicted to bad language. Their vocabulary of curses and oaths is so extensive that some of them can keep up a continuous barrage of denigration and vituperation for as long as an hour.

You have a mouth like a pouch of a snail", and "Your nose turns up like a wild pig's", are two of the mildest expressions. The strongest are too blasphemous to repeat.

Other characteristics of the Buth men are long fingernails (to show they do not have to do their own work) and the absence of four front teeth in their upper jaw.

No white man has been able to discover the reason why these four teeth are knocked out in boyhood. A special office of the tribe performs the rite as gently and humanely as he can. The boy again at his feet, puts his hand between the "damned" lower and upper, so sound as the teeth are loosened and then knocked out with an iron wedge.

There is no compulsion about the tooth extraction. Each boy submits

voluntarily and cheerfully. It is thought that he is not considered capable of growing to strong and virile manhood until he has lost them.

In the matter of this witch execution the Baile resembles custom takers of the American aboriginal. To them it is considered a mark of manhood to have the head teeth knocked out. They normally have enough and in the matter of democracy they show up their married brothers, who dread the dentist, even with the pain-killing drugs used by the white man.

Life in each Baile community revolves around the witch doctor. He is not only the most powerful, but the most picturesque and colorful identity.

Unlike the other Baile men, the witch doctors wear a variety of different costumes. One of the most decorative is that which they don when supervising the all-important funeral ceremony, a sacred but expensive rite to which the Baile flock forward all the days of his life.

The most impressive man in the funeral rituals of the witch doctor is the headpiece, in consist of a leather girdle, to which is attached a thick fringe of animal hair. The hair is treated with gum to make them stand erect.

Another girdle encircles his neck. To it are attached a dozen or so animal horns. No other Baile, even the chief, is permitted to wear more than one horn around his neck.

Generally the witch doctor's chest is bare. Occasionally, displaying an even more decorative effect, he drapes it with blades of white ash.

Around his waist is another girdle. From it hang strips of leopard, hyena and even cat skin. These

reach to the knee. Around each of his legs is another girdle with a similar fringe of skin. Around his ankles are strings of dried seed pods which rattle and jangle as he walks. To complete the effect, as he leads the witch doctor ceremony, on his badge of office, the tail of a leopards.

Even though they have seen these under the direction of whites with different ideas, wonder a small community throughout the tribe. The tail just hangs no more of it than shooting a rabbit. His only reason is to buy himself a drink from the witch doctor in protest himself from the dead man's ghost if it becomes impatient and angry at any delay in being born again.

Sometimes, too, a woman among Baile live of their personal personality, family or worldly wealth. Before taking his life, the would-be suicide pays a fee to the witch doctor and indicates a wealthy tribal man or chief whom he would like as a father in his new incarnation.

The witch doctor murmurs some words of magic, and the daps goes off to perform the deed. He is convinced his soul will be back in the body of the next son born to his chosen "father."

Every funeral of a Baile man begins a feast. But with women it is different. When they die, they are tossed into a hole in the ground and forgotten. Each man arrives to succumb to death during his lifetime to permit the ceremony at his funeral to stuff themselves richly with one son half naked men.

There is no mourning and weeping for the dead man, except by his wives. They are forced to wait for hours and take turns in hugging his dead body in adoration.

Meanwhile the rest of the Baile men dance themselves with ash and clay and dance about in excitement and fun to come.

The women have to perform the actual burial—after the witch doctor places the corpse's head to make it look like that of a newborn baby.

Some of the wives carry the dead body to the river to wash it, others dig the grave, others clean pages of praise as to the powers of a husband.

When the grave is ready, it is lined with the skin of some of his cattle killed for the feast. A small nest is placed in it on which to rest his head.

The corpse is finally handed down. It is arranged by a couple of wives standing in the grave on the side on which he unconsciously slept. His relatives then come forward with gifts to be buried with him—some tobacco, a gourd of beer, a tiny dash of cattle liver.

The wives hurry to fill in the grave, for the nose of the feast is now at hand. All the cattle have been killed.

Restrictions are removed from women during the funeral feast. They may speak to one without being spoken to first. They join their husbands and all gorge to consume every scrap of meat on the dead man's cattle. They wash it down with as much beer as they can consume without being sick.

In a few hours the feast is over. Darkness falls. Pans are lighted. Drums begin to beat and herald the funeral dance.

Men and women gather on opposite sides of the village square. The drummers at behind them, thrumming out word patterns that intensify in the dance questions.

In the center stands the witch doctor. He sits in master of ceremonies, directing and encouraging the movements like a square dance caller.

"Come, come," he chants, "select your partner and go take her out."

Men and women prance before each other. Groans and shouts almost drown the drums. Feet tap rhythmically, hands clap, eyes blink in wild excitement.

The witch doctor reaches a fever peak of excitement. He jumps, screams and roars.

Spontaneous breaks out. For the first time the dancers touch each other. The witch doctor withdraws. His voice can no longer be heard above the din.

Half dawn the Baile are transformed into savage animals. The next day the men return to their country and begin drinking. The women are sent home without doves to the Baile remains until the next funeral.



A BAILA CHIEF

Notorious Eloisa Wagner



She called herself Empress of Florence, but she ruled only two men—with a whip and a gun.

GUS JOHNSON

BARONESS Eloisa Wagner was her name. She was also known as "The Spider." She was a strange woman who entered men's lives with a handsome platinum blonde, she lived for a time—but did not leave it alive—as the sun-drenched island of Florence in the Galapagos.

Her royal distance on the island was brief in the extreme. From a cord around her neck dangled a revolver in her right hand the carnal riding crop. Many times the crop had been used on Philippon and

Lorenz, the two men she had brought to Florence with her. In a frenzied fit, brewed from some petty annoyance, she would beat them away with it.

Then, minutes later, no warning rain would come over the Baroness. Her emotional storm abated, she resorted to soothing voice and caressing arms to Philippon.

Lorenz, an Ecuadorian, was a small man with about as much strength as a mouse. Not as a kite, true, would he be a match for Phil-

ippon. The Baroness knew that and it was this cruel streak in her that brought about a group triangle.

She had the two men in her palm. Her Lorenz was under the thumb of Philippon.

Once, when she was in one of her moods she played up to Lorenz while Philippon was present. He became angry, spat out a curse and came to her with his bare hands to smite her. She covered him with her gun and slashed him across the shoulder with the whip. He ran out, side.

Lorenz cowered in the corner of the room like a frightened rat. She called him to her. He came away from the corner slowly and stood in front of her. She looked him up and down. Then in a searing voice said: "You miserable looking wretch. Why do I even consider you?"

With a shove she sent him flying through the door. She followed him outside and her muscular strength rang out as she watched the Ecuadorian being beaten into submission by Philippon.

Baroness Wagner's next door neighbor was Dr. Friedrich Ritter. It was his throat of an isolated existence on Florence that stimulated the more interest in the Baroness and less of others.

Ritter was a German. His profession, a doctor and physician. His plan, to abandon medical and settle for peace and solitude on Galapagos. He gave plenty of publicity on the Continent and in America.

The doctor had no intention of being lonely, even though left for one on a desert island could be described as lonely—and would be by any dwellers. A former patient whom he made his wife accompanied him.

Once (for that was her name) was swept along on the back of the

doctor's confidence and agreed to share his Eden.

Cutting all ties with the world they knew, the pair set out for Florence.

Before he went away, Ritter said: "I want to be removed from all contact with the world. I hope never to have a neighbor. That is why I have chosen Florence as my Uman. Think of our own live with and death we are going into exile to seek, in the solitude of an almost deserted island in the far Pacific, the independence given to the full-out, which are denied to man by the complexities of modern life."

Ritter and his wife suffered many hardships during their first few months on the sun-grilled island. But with their struggles over, the two settled down, were very happy the way everything had turned out and the doctor filled in a lot of his time writing a book on philosophy.

A pleasure boat called, and back in the civilized world the passengers related the story of the second Adam and Eve.

Fascinated and thrilled that to get away from it all could really be done, people wrote to Ritter and told him they would like to join him and live as he was living.

They followed their leaders by arriving on Florence again with an impression of a man to nature life, they took him and domesticated themselves in seven, but none had the tenacity and spirit of Ritter and his wife.

They soon discovered that Florence was not a Paradise, but a miserable, lonely, wretched and sun-baked island. With dreams and hopes shattered, they left.

Ritter stayed. It didn't matter to him if they stayed or not. He was at no loss for their company. He

was content and he was not concerned with anyone else.

One day he called his wife to the door and said: "Look, we have some company. I wonder how long they will stay?"

Walking towards his house was the Baronesse. She was accompanied by Philippon and Lorenz.

The doctor made no remarks. He eyed her coldly. She was the first to speak. "Doctor Ritter, we talked so much about you and your life here that we decided to try it."

Ritter didn't encourage a conversation, but wished them good luck and shut his door. Inside, he seemed to be disturbed. Already he had a premonition about this woman, and in the weeks that followed he couldn't shake off his burning and despair for her. The behaviour of the woman had brought back to him pictures of the world he had left. The world he wanted to forget. And calling herself the Empress of Florence! Ritter laughed bitterly.

She told sailors to the island that Florence was her domain and it was entirely in her power who could stay and who could not. A Norwegian called there and the Baronesse told him to leave. He shrugged his shoulders and told her that he was not used to taking orders from women. Her body shaking with rage, she screamed at him, and leveling the revolver, fired. The bullet missed, but the Norwegian was wise enough not to argue with a crazy woman who carried a loaded gun with her head and he took no more landing.

She never called on the doctor after her first visit, and he didn't see much of her, but he was often awakened at night by her high-pitched laughter, her sound flow of curses and wild screams.

Now and then, Lorenz would come to see Ritter. The doctor was sorry for the pathetic figure before him. Blinded like a dwarf, with depersonated eyes, an apprehensive expression on his yellow face, the Emancipator was a pitiable sight.

There were tears in his eyes, when on one visit to Ritter, he said: "I must get away, away from that domain of a woman and this brute Philippon."

Ritter placed a hand on his shoulder and said: "What have they done to you?"

"They beat me, both of them," Lorenz wailed.

One afternoon, stretching languidly after a dose in the sun, the baronesse saw a stranger on the island. His mouth twisted into a crooked smile and her head played on the gun.

She stared hard at the good-looking young man, then the latter made him come and she let the gun fall from his grip.

She called for Philippon and said: "Go and get him."

He looked suddenly at her and made no effort to carry out her order. She whipped up her revolver and cocked it. Philippon had a quick change of mind.

The man standing before her said his name was Aranda. He was a workman.

She smiled coldly at him, came close to him and kissed him. Then putting her arm around him, took him to the house.

Later Philippon, on a jealous fit told her exactly what he thought of her. Shaking with anger, she brought the crop across his face. Muddled with pain, he took out his revenge by leaving up Lorenz.

The Baronesse next tried her chance on the friends of a journalist who had come to interview her for his paper. She came across with the servants and also concentrated on the writers' friends. There she made little impression and he finally told her she was wasting her time on him.

Not long after, Ritter was interrupted with his writing by a knocking on his door. He called out to the person to come in. Before his table stood the journalist, pale and shivering. He said that Aranda had been shot. They found the Dane still alive and in agony from a wound in his stomach. He recovered after hospital treatment at Geneva and.

The Baronesse smiled shyly and blamed the shooting on Lorenz. But Ritter knew that she was the only one among the party in possession of firearms, and he concluded, after questioning the journalist as to whom they were standing at the time of the shooting that the shot was intended for the journalist's friend and the Dane was unfortunately in the wrong it.

Ritter was becoming used to the ravages of the Baronesse and he paid little attention to the arguments he heard her utterance. The first dose he got that something was wrong was when Lorenz visited him. He was a changed man, happy and at ease. Excitedly he told the doctor that he would be enabled to meet by Philippon and the Baronesse who had left the island by ship.

Ritter became alarmed and expected the worst when Lorenz showed him the collection of jewellery he brought to the Baronesse which Lorenz and he was going to sell.

The doctor didn't question Lorenz.

DIPLOMACY

The young bride looked at the jeweller's store. "Buy me that lovely bracelet!" said she then shook her head. "I'd have to wear it—And I would not if I could," and he, she glanced at though she had lost her love. "Why wouldn't you?" she demanded, working. "Because it isn't good enough for you, my dove." She smiled and withdrew. "Oh, you darling!"

—M.H.H.

but he thought about him plenty.

The worn look was gone from his face, his body was erect and his eyes sparkling. Why?

Ritter tried to find the answer to these questions by investigating the house and its surroundings. He found nothing.

When the sailing boat, that carried freight and passengers between the islands, arrived at Florence in the summer of 1934, Lorenz joined it.

He presented the Norwegian ship per to take him to Wink Bay where he could get a ship which would transport him to Guayaquil. They never made it. The newspapers can read except them off their course and they were washed ashore on waterless beaches.

It was an American fishing boat that found their corpses. But with the Baronesse and Philippon, there has been no more and there is nothing to support Lorenz's story that they ever left the island of Florence.

The Troublesome New Suit

CARL HENNING



Tom bought a suit for a festival—but it turned out to be more appropriate for a funeral.

HE walked slowly toward town, a nondescript farmer with face and clothes equally grey and wrinkled; and for the first time in years, the evening air smelled sweet in his nostrils.

Following the curving shoulder of the road, he made the last slow turn, and then, just ahead, he saw the lights of the town. His shoulders straightened and he walked faster. The lights began taking shape. He could distinguish the round blur of the street lamps from the bright rectangles of the store windows now.

He broke into a full trot. The

lights bobbed closer. His shuffling feet kept spiking dust up from the road.

He reached Main Street, and he was like a boy at the street. His eyes darted everywhere. He stopped on paper at every store window. Suddenly now his feet wrinkled their brows in wonderment.

"Hi, Danah," someone said, and his response was muted and shy, as though he'd just come from a place where folks never greeted each other like this.

Then he saw it, and gazing, he knew it, but why he had been drawn to town that night

it was a suit in the window of Sam Marlow's store. Only a suit, but the bright checks and the gay plaid set his heart dancing. Slowly, shuffling, like a boy walking toward a cookie jar he knew he shouldn't touch, he drew closer and closer, till at last his gaunt hands were pressed against the glass.

His eyes roamed and stayed at the store window he saw a lone dinner server with the fiddle speak up and the pub laughing, their up bang socks powder white. While the man drank from a jug in the shadowy pool outside and its changed neighborly talk. And fitting everywhere. His a strange green life, through all the magic pictures—the checked suit in the window!

How long he would have stayed there dreaming, if Old Sam Marlow hadn't stepped out of the store, nobody can tell.

Old Sam had opened shops in town when there were only four—was better than the post office. But as the town grew, the range of Old Sam's goods narrowed. He specialized in men's suits now. Men's suits and even hammers. Anyone wanted to know any grump on in Lemmerville, they just asked Sam Marlow.

"Well, well," Old Sam said, "if it isn't Tom Danah. Drunk—?" Old Sam's eyes suddenly narrowed. A moment passed, then he asked softly, "How're you, my friend?"

Regretfully, Tom Danah turned from the vibrant-colored suit in the window. "Thank you," he said. "Right well, Mr. Marlow."

Old Sam scratched his bald shining head. "And the name?" he asked.

"Kato—Kato's taken to bed."

Old Sam frowned. "She doing poorly? I hadn't heard no talk about it."

"No, Mr. Marlow—just resting. Said she could use a rat. There's not

now much work for one rat on the farm. Just the chores, now the crops are in. So she up and crawled into bed."

Old Sam nodded slowly, then his face creased into a frown. "You're not planning to buy anything?" he said, his voice faintly barred with worry.

Tom Danah looked back at the suit. The checks danced before his eyes, he had never seen such loveliness before. His face clenched slowly. He was wearing black, grayed by dust, and his gloves and his knee were patched with black.

"How much is that suit?" he asked suddenly.

Old Sam sighed ruefully. When he spoke, he spoke very slowly. Thirty—did he?

Tom Danah took a deep breath. "Got my size?" he asked.

"Guess I have, Old Sam said. Then Old Sam shook his head wearily. "Maybe you want some time to think this over, Tom?"

The price righted on Tom Danah's face. "If you got my size," he said deliberately, "I'm going in to buy it." Then he smiled a queer, related smile. "Always wanted a suit with a spot of colour," he said.

Now it was two months later, and Tom Danah was sitting in the sheriff's office. Outside, the wind was howling, but inside, next kept trickling down Tom Danah's face.

The sheriff was an older man than Tom. He was tall and broad, and he had a rosy red face. You could see that he'd once liked Tom and he wasn't enjoying what he had to do.

You shouldn't sit, Tom . . ." he said.

Tom sighed and shrugged his shoulders. "She was mean," he said. "My Kato was a regular old shrew. She kept me like they keep the bees on the raid gangs. You

couldn't see the chance, but they were there."

The sheriff hunched his lips together and shook his head.

"Men have always had the streak in 'em," Tom said, "but it came out proper and a yard wide after the baby died. That was twenty-three years ago. We had one baby, a boy, name of Robert—died of pneumonia at the age of eleven months, and she like to went out of her head."

"She blessed me, Dad he'd caught a draught from a window I'd left open. Made me keep burning always all these years, twenty-three of them—tried not to let me back in for a second. Nothing but work. Never a day for fun. You remember how wild a young one I was—danced square every Saturday night, dancing and

drinking with the best of them. And here I was, always working and paying and wearing black clothes and looking so lousy."

Tom Daniels' face began to twitch and he beat the arm of his chair with his fist. "It was too much for a body to stand," he said hoarsely. "She used to beat me if she caught me drinking, plain 'ol or even smoking. Sometimes I'd get more than my fill from the jug and I'd run off to town. Just run down the road, yelling and laughing—I can't even remember what I'd do once I got there. I'd get back, and she'd be waiting for me with a hell-whop."

"All this time I never touched her, but inside, I kept longing. Got so, at last, I guess I clear went crazy too."

"She came at me that night, screaming and weeping a howl. I let her have it in the back with that jug. I'd been drinking from."

"I'd hit her in a flash of anger without seeing my strength, and when I bent down to help her to her feet, I saw she was dead."

"I hit her, I killed, but I'm not the killing sort. Kate'd been reached at the head, but before the baby, she'd had her spunk of her and even old, you like everybody else. The blood when I'd hit her was like a red fountain—the first touch of color I'd seen on her in all those years."

"I thought that, and I like to cry."

"Then I buried her out in the pasture. Between the time when you dug her up, I and prayers over her and asked her forgiveness."

"Afterward I thought up a story about how I'd make believe she'd gone visiting her kin in Chicago. I had it all rehearsed from seven Nations could come and go, using the State Highway, and never come through the town itself. So I'd say Kate's sister came and took her visiting. And after some passed—three months or more—I'd say a letter came saying she'd died—and that her sister wanted to bury her in Chicago."

"That was my plan. And so time went by, I was sure it would work out right. I hadn't even said a word yet to anyone about the matter, when yesterday you came around."

Tom Daniels was sobbing now, wiping his eyes on the sleeve of his jacket. The tears stained the vibrant-colored checked material in grey damp splashes. Suddenly he looked up with widening eyes.

"How'd you know to come around and do all that digging?" he asked.

"Old Sam Marlow," the sheriff said. "What he told me."

Tom Daniels frowned painfully. "Sam Marlow? How'd he come to know?"

The sheriff walked slowly to the door. He clicked it open an inch and called through the slit. "Mr. Marlow."

Old Sam slipped into the office, his face white with cold and worry. He looked questioningly at the sheriff, then quickly averted his head, as though he wanted his unvoiced question to remain unanswered.

"Mr. Marlow," the sheriff said, "tell Tom Daniels what you told me."

Old Sam looked sadly at Tom. "You bought the bright-colored suit when you were cold sober," he said. "And Kate never brought it back."

Tom shook his head. "Bring it back? Kate?"

Old Sam's eyes met the sheriff's, then slid back to Tom's. "I always thought you didn't know what you were up to, Tom Daniels, when you came to my store those times in the past year, liquor'd up worse than any man I've ever seen. You walked in every time, naming and naming, and you bought a hat 'Any colour but black,' you said."

"No?" Tom asked dazedly.

"Yap." Old Sam's voice dropped to a slow hoarse whisper. "Then, every time, like clockwork, Kate brought the suit back the next day, cleaned and mended, and I gave her credit for wear-and-tear. And then I always knew you were back to wanting mourning again."

Tom nodded. "I never remembered afterwards, just the whippings when I got home—that's all I remembered."

"And that last time," Old Sam said again, "you were cold sober when you bought the suit, and poor Kate never carried it back."

Tom sobbed and cradled his face in his hands.

"You see," the sheriff said softly, "you are whip I started digging."



"I'd recognize you anywhere from Roger's description, Fat, elderly, grey hair, bush teeth, bare legs."

Crime Capsules

HOSPITALITY

Back in 1887, in the days of the Wild West of America, could thieves did not always dash on the end of a rope. One struck a reform wave, got a fair trial and was sentenced to three months in jail. Then it was discovered that Black County, where he was sentenced, did not have a jail, so the convicted man was lodged in the Western Hotel in Baraboo. At the end of one week, all guard was removed. At the end of one month the sheriff was pleading with the prisoner to escape. But the caddy third refused. He had been given three months lodging, he said, and he intended using up every hour of it. He did. That was the end of the reform wave.

MEALS

Last year at Hyde Park, London, at a parade of old soldiers, Edward Johnston wore 50 medals. The Queen, who was inspecting the parade, admired the array and asked questions. Johnston proudly told her that one medal proclaimed that he was at Khambien in 1888, another that he was at the relief of Polang in 1890 and a third that he was at the Relief of Ladysmith, also in 1890. Other medals showed that he had served on the North West Frontier of India in 1891,

in Burma and right through World War I. The Queen was impressed by these affairs of the Royal Horse Guards, who also questioned Johnston. It appeared the only service Johnston had done was 21 years in Birmingham Central Lunatic Asylum. He was freed. /3/

A DOG'S LIFE

In Texas, U.S.A. a drunk and his dog were lodged in jail. A couple of hours later the man's wife paid a visit to the jail, rescued the dog—and let her husband stay where he was! Who was in the doghouse?

NO CHANGE

A prisoner escaped from Maryland jail and was missing for two months before he was recaptured. When asked about his escape, he explained that he had fallen off a truck while at work outside the stocks and hadn't telephoned because he did not have a truck.

OF HUMAN BONDAGE

A woman arrested in Washington for participating in a plot to kill her husband, was released on \$1000 dollar bond—furnished by her husband.

A former Casanova model, Donna Williams has brought her lovely beauty, her soft golden hair and her bewitching smile to Hollywood. Here she tests the water: Will she swim or sink?

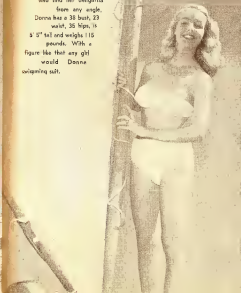


*blonde
before
the
mast*

Evidently the water was too cool for swimming, but the sun was warm, so Donna decided to board her yacht. She isn't afraid of a wet sail. In fact, at sailing she is quite masterful.



Considered a natural cover girl by the photographers who find her delightful from any angle, Donna has a 36 bust, 29 waist, 36 hips, is 5' 5" tall and weighs 115 pounds. With a figure like that any girl would Donna swimming suit.



Treasure Hunters of TIME

MARCIA McEWAN

When a man uncovered treasures from a centuries-old city, he stole a heap of amateur archaeologists

THE damp scrub, dotted here and there with the flaring gold of cactuses, had been undisturbed by human footsteps for centuries. It seemed so suddenly the hardened young men armed with pickaxes, shovels and a map, their dirty lined handkerchiefs were soggy with sweat and streaked with blood from countless scratches before they reached the spot marked X.

They emerged from the living barrier onto a grassy knoll overlooking the Tynahara Sea. Green fringes and meadows dotted the clearing and in places fragments of walls had escaped the encroachments of the vegetation.

"Probably nothing but the ruins of a 15th century villa," grunted the leader. "But this is supposed to be the spot, boys. Half an hour's rest before we start digging."

An hour later the young men from the Armstrong Academy in Rome could not have been more excited if they had discovered the fabulous loot of Captain Kidd himself. The ruins of a 19th century villa turned out to be portions of the original mile-long wall which surrounded the Roman naval base of Cosa 230 years before the birth of Christ. Under a few feet of soil were the buildings of the town itself.

The marble remains of a god resembling the Capricorn Juppiter, the



"For the intellectual type, Mr. Featherby . . . I have to curl up with a good bookworm."

coarse terra cotta ornaments of a temple, and the complete foundations of a workshop or marketplace might not mean treasure there to you or me but to archaeologists, busy passing to poster the genius of the past, every fragment excavated in Italy was better than gold or rubies.

They had found the town of which Livy wrote, which supplied Caesar with 200 ships during his wars with Pompey, and which, before Roman greatness, had guarded the sacred ships of Etruscan seamen.

Lateral treasure must would surprise the professional sterner of Italy's well-studied and these days, but a certain Agnir Arvelin wanted a golden-quick rush by amateur archaeologists back in 1923. While looking the steps to build a road on his property, Agnir Arvelin dug into a trench which, he knew, would yield the type of stone he needed. When he struck a large slab of soft rock, obviously part of the ceiling of a tomb, he made a hole and looked in and "There I beheld a warrior stretched on a couch of rock and in a few minutes I saw him vanish as a worm under my eye; for as the atmosphere entered the sepulchre the armor, thoroughly oxidized, dissolved away into minute particles."

Although the warrior vanished into dust enough of the household treasure which had been laid to rest with him more than 2,000 years before, remained to indicate his rank and wealth. As well as vase and drinking goblets of rare beauty, jewelry of gold and semiprecious stones, and a golden diadem wrought with filigree, which was the emblem of an Etruscan warrior king, were removed from the tomb.

Landowners in Tuscany and around Rome who had previously scorned, or considered as a nuisance, the burial hollows on their land, began now

dig them open for the wealth they contained. Three several Etruscans who possessed property in Italy at the time developed a passion for archeology. Articles of little intrinsic value, but precious to the armchair student of past times, were unearthed and discarded. Only the gold and jeweled pieces and the heavy iron works were taken. This loss did not lead in any way into munificence for the benefit of the public. Most pieces were broken up, or offered for private sale, scattered over the world, and lost.

Sigmar Arvelin's discovery, however, gave rise to all subsequent discovery about Tarquinia, capital of the Etruscan empire and birthplace of the Tarquin emperors of Rome.

Despite long research the archaic graves still only gave at the origin of the Etruscan noble race. No safe factory lay has been found to their writings, and all the manuscripts they left behind remain unused. Their empire, which included most of central Italy, had reached a cultured and artistic peak when Rome was still being ruled by the old nobles, and their capital supplied Rome with the short-lived but long remembered dynasty of the Tarquinian Etruscans.

But, of course, was the downfall of this family and the Etruscan empire the wife Luccina, wife of Castrinus, a general in the army of Julius Tarquinus, son of the emperor.

Luccina stabbed herself, the hated populace drove the Tarquin family into exile and with typical Etruscan thoroughness set about obliterating the Etruscan civilization.

Through Luccina's virtue and Julius Tarquinus the Etruscan cities of the living were lost to posterity. On the hill from which Tarquinus overlooked the sea there is now a walled village of patched medieval dwellings and more, colored houses

The women, some still with spears of Etruscan beauty, do their weekly wash in the basin of the fountain and the official guide conversationally looks him says whenever a woman wishes to inspect the Etruscan burial ground on the neighboring sea.

Lately for the archaeologists the Etruscans, like the Egyptians, believed that death was merely a doorway to another life where a man would be more comfortable if he took his worldly possessions with him. After the government stopped wholesale looting of the sites of the dead, selected treasures were recovered to fill a museum in Rome—Claudio and spearheads of bronze, tall, conical helmets with wings on either side, which must have made the warriors look like gods or supermen going into battle, cosmetic jars, hand mirrors of polished metal, and bracelets and necklaces any modern woman would be proud to wear.

The drawings on the Etruscan funerary urns supplied an enormous amount of information on the lives once enjoyed by their contents. Always these painted men and women are accompanied by the guardian angels, or good and evil gods, which were supposed to guide their destiny. These gods, were high builders, short noses and elegant wings appearing from their shoulder-blades above over the heads of their protégés and look like distant relatives of the angels who guard Sylvester. Frequently they fought between themselves over whether their charges should be saved into a good land or a bad so it might be presumed that many Etruscans suffered from schizophrenia.

A city the archaeologists would like to get at but cannot because of the catastrophic ways of ancient times at war, in Sybaris. One of the most Etruscan places of the



ancient world, Sybaris remains part of our language in the word "sybaritic" meaning a person devoted to luxury and soft living.

In the days when Sybaris, founded by the Greeks 2600 years ago, was a thriving port on the Gulf of Taranto, its streets were shaded by silver awnings to save the soft-living citizens from southern. The children stayed off to school clad in royal purple robes with golden clasps about their shapely hips.

Parties were thrown so often that it was necessary to stand out brightly somewhere a year ahead to have important guests. Naturally hostesses tried to outdo each other in the matter of food and made become such important people that the best cook of the year was awarded a gold crown.

With so much jewelry to be enjoyed and so many banquets to be faced every day a few were present handling all cooks, blacksmiths and other men-makers outside the city walls so that the citizens could

sleep each morning. A very good idea. In 1911 B.C. the inhabitants of the neighboring Greek city of Cosos made war on Sybana and, by altering the course of the river Crates, flooded the plains to dry.

A traveler in that region is quite likely to meet disgruntled archaeologists pottering round a wretched village on the banks of the Crates. They occasionally possess a jeweled dagger or amphora full of coins and dream frustrated dreams about the wealthy city which they are assured has buried beneath the alluvial soil washed down by the river. Unfortunately hunting for the treasures of humanity's past is a money-losing business rather than a money-making business and so government has been willing to finance a search for Sybana.

Charmless Maudslayi willingly expended large sums in digging up the past empires of Italy. He made possible the discovery of Heru-

lusum and poured several millions of lire into the draining of Lake Nemi near Rome so that poverty might once the plains larger in which the Emperor Caligula, his ministers and flower-guarded maids died on summer nights.

During the last war some unknown bomber scored a direct hit on the two historic craft and archaeological museum that Maudslayi's money could have been better spent on their dream of Sybana.

Excavators of the last century, looking for unaccounted articles, found a lot of valuable evidence on the rubbish heap. Modern scholars, therefore, go carefully over old workings like prospectors on an abandoned goldfield. They set up camps in the rugged mountains for the sake of a few marble fragments, brass medals, and even go down in diving suits off the Italian coast, in search of the unrecorded burials of the past.



"She certainly adds colour to a party."



AMERICAN's greatest misdeed came to its end sometime during the night of August 4, 1933. Hundreds of heavily-armed possoms had cornered their quarry in a wheatfield on a lonely farm in Washington state. The wheat was high and concealing. In it stalked a baby, smiling, happy-go-lucky Indian named Harry Tracy. With an estimated dozen medals in his girth, he was the most wanted outlaw in the country.

Completely surrounded, there was no way out for him. Yet, such was the miracle of the very name of Harry Tracy, not one of the possoms considered going in to get him. Five hundred men crouched wait-

ing, not quite sure of the next move.

Before dawn crops over the scene, a single shot rang out from the wheatfield. Still not a man moved. It was 20 hours before a group of men summoned courage to go in and haul the corpse of Harry Tracy.

Wounded and cornered, the outlaw had killed himself with a single bullet through the brain.

The career of Harry Tracy is well set parallel in the crime history of the old Wild West. Neither Jesse James, the Barkers, the Youngers, nor any other of the romantic robbers of the time can match his dare-devil escapes and ruthless killings.

Ever since he was caged behind

But four men he crushed he was not again. He was the heart of a dancing dance hall queen, took his brother into partnership and killed him without compunction when he suspected him of working a double cross.

The authorities put a price of \$500 dollars on his head. Tracy responded by leaving them no hint but on both land and water. He stole a ocean launch, so he could run up to the walls of an island prison and take pot shots at the guards patrolling there.

He dodged and fought off a score of posse over 400 miles of the roughest country in the United States.

Tracy's crime record commenced in 1895. Then he was living in Seattle, under his real name of Harry Sawyer. Obviously he was honest and hard working. He was an apprentice carpenter on the Northern Pacific Railway.

In another part of Seattle, that assumed "below the line," the world of dance halls, saloons, gambling dens and heavily taxed, the young would-be engineer was a different personality. There he was a identified semi-alcohol-crazed, living on his wits and petty crimes. Among the crooks, gamblers and good-time girls, he was known as Tommy Elm. He was keeping his pockets lined by a series of brazen robberies from hotel back rooms.

The police eventually discovered his illegal activities. They had no direct evidence, but were sufficiently sure of their grounds to order young Tommy Elm to get out of town.

"I'll get out when I'm good and ready," promised Sawyer. "No cop can tell me what to do or not to do."

However, constant surveillance by the police proved Sawyer the dead

end to take the advice. Under the name of Harry Tracy, he turned up on the Moscow matrix of Salt Lake City. He consumed his old tricks of small-time theft — but not so successfully.

In the spring of 1897, Harry Tracy was sentenced to a years imprisonment for robbery in the Utah State Penitentiary. He began to plan the first of his sensational escapes that were to make him famous.

After serving about two months, he was the beneficiary of a prison guard. From him he secured a piece of pine and the use of a pick handle. "I'm going crazy with nothing to do," complained Tracy, "let me write some of my true away."

On the morning of October 8, 1897, Harry Tracy and three other, supposedly more dangerous criminals were marched outside the walls to work in a nearby rock quarry. Tracy deliberately bent his shoulder under a rock and pretentiously called the guard over to look at it.

As the man bent down, he felt what he took to be a gun pointed into his ribs. Not until he had been relieved of his chains did he realize that he had been tricked with a piece of carved wood.

Harry Tracy stood watch with the unmanufactured weapon. The three other prisoners — Bennett, Johnson and David Lenz — stripped the guard of his uniform. Tracy dived in while they bound and gagged the man and dumped him in a ditch.

The four escapes made straight for the notorious "Hole in the Wall" hideout in western Wyoming, where the worst outlaws of the day congregated, formed partnerships and planned their depredations.

From there they forayed both in search of plunder from bank robbery and cattle rustling.

In a few months they netted \$5,000

dollars from five banked banks.

The cattle rustling was almost as profitable until one day in March, 1898—when Harry Tracy made his last killing.

William Strong, a 15-year-old boy, was the victim. He was leading cattle on the ranch of his employer in Boulder County, Colorado. When the four rustlers appeared and began to run off the herd, he yelled to them to stop. His reply was a crack from Tracy's rifle. The boy fell dead from his horse.

Soon after, the rancher, Valentine Hays, discovered the murdered boy and the theft of the cattle. Worthful posse from 10 counties got on the trail of Tracy and his partners.

They caught up with the quartet at Rock Springs, Wyoming. A pitched battle ensued in which one outlaw, Johnson, was killed and another, Bennett, captured. While the indignant business were engaged in "wringing up" Bennett to the state prison, Harry Tracy and David Lenz slipped through the confusion and escaped.

For 15 days the two kept ahead of their pursuers. They scoured back and forth across these states—Wyoming, Colorado and Utah—before they were again cornered at Silver Peak, Colorado.

Rancher Valentine Hays, still incensed at the murder of his ten-year-old boy, William Strong, could not control his eagerness to get at them. In a mad, passionate attack, he was runned too close, got caught in the sights of Harry Tracy's Winchester and was killed.

The other prisoners, less impulsive, were content to wait. They simply kept up a harangue at the out-law's feet and waited for them to surrender because of their lack of food, water and ammunition.

When their inevitable assault on

ours a couple of days later, Tracy and Lenz were conveyed to goal in the nearby town of Aspen.

They gave no trouble until Tracy saw his chance when a guard brought his breakfast the following morning. He knifed the man unconscious with a piece of wood scratched from his bunk. In a few seconds he had gashed the legs and released Lenz. With rifles and ammunition from the goal office, they had-looted their way into the mountains at the back of Aspen.

Shearl Paul Newman, who some discovered the guard locked in Tracy's cell. Reputation at stake, he set off after the two single-handed. He reasoned correctly that the two would try to make for the nearest railway. That was at the town of Steamboat Springs. Newman took the first stage coach headed thirty-six miles from Steamboat Springs, the stage ground to a halt to pick up two dusty wayfarers trudging along the trail. Thankfully they climbed aboard and settled back on

David Lenz, Tracy's partner in crime.



the hand rest as the vehicle jolted forward again.

"Good day, Tracy," a queer voice broke across their thoughts. Two jet negroes waiting for you back at the jail."

The two outlaws' heads jerked up in surprise. On the opposite seat, Sheriff Newman sat facing them. His rifle was pointing unobtrusively "Fox up your hands, both of you," he snapped, "or I'll blow your brains out."

The two prisoners got no further opportunity to start anything until they were on trial. But on the fourth day of the hearing, when Newman was escorting them from the court room back to their cells, Tracy, in handcuffs, yanked Newman's pistol down in his belt. He poked the sheriff unobtrusively with it in the stomach. Newman had no option but to unlock both Tracy and Lenz.

Faced at their weapons, they escorted the sheriff to a side room, bound and gagged him and walked nonchalantly out of the building. This time they were not brought back.

Tracy and Lenz decided to split. Lenz returned to Wyoming to join the notorious Hatch, Cassidy gang. Tracy crossed Utah, Idaho and Oregon. He did not stop until he reached the city of Portland, 1800 miles from the scene of his escape.

In Portland Harry Tracy met Ross Merrill, the plump and proxy son-in-law of the El Dorado dance hall. In a few days they were married. Ross's brother, Dave, joined Tracy in a series of hold-ups.

Merrill, however, did not have the temperament for legitimate crime. He began to loose and throw money around in the saloons and gambling houses, where previously he had

been only an impoverished hang-around.

A professional steel pigeon carried details of Merrill's badness to Detective Dan Wiener of the Portland Police Department. A "mail" was put on Merrill. A couple of days later, he was arrested while trying to pawn some jewelry. It was identified as stolen in a hold-up.

Wiener agreed to "go easy" with Merrill in return for information to trap his partner. As a result, the following evening, May 8, 1934, when Harry Tracy went to keep an appointment with Dave Merrill on Portland's Fourth Avenue, he was not arrested by Wiener.

The detective fell in step beside the unusual, long-striding young fellow Merrill had described. He assumed he would like to ask a few questions.

A 30, spouting lead, appeared in Tracy's hand. "Ask them in hell, copper," he snarled, spinning off down the street.

Wiener gave chase, firing his own gun as the fleeing figure eluded. Tracy reached the junction of Fourth Avenue and Market Street. A railway car along the better, and a train was chugging through it out of town.

Reaching the train, Tracy—who had not been hit by any of Wiener's bullet-sewing around the driver to one side. "Get out of the way," he commanded. "I'll drive this thing."

The train leaped forward like a greased rat. Tracy's experienced hand poked at the throttle. But he had not counted on the conductor at the rear of the train.

The engine ground to a halt as the conductor pulled the emergency air cord. But the outlaws was not broken yet. He pumped oil on the opposite side and ran. Wiener and a crowd of passengers were seeing up

but, encouraged by the stopping of the train. Tracy tore his ally and made for it.

Police whistles were shrilling and people were screaming as the fugitives sped down the alley. A window was thrown up. A rifle cracked. Tracy fell. The bullet had grazed his skull and knocked him unconscious.

Harry Tracy woke to find himself in good with Dave Merrill, sweating and for the hold-up. The Portland police did not know that he was an escaped murderer from Colorado. Tracy did not know that Merrill had "sold out" to the police.

Both men were convicted. Harry Tracy drew 20 years and Merrill 15 years, at the State Penitentiary at Salem.

Three years passed in which Tracy conspicuously platted escape—and brooded as to the reason. Dave Merrill had received a lighter sentence than himself.

Eventually he found a contact being arrested who agreed to help him. The price was \$5000 dollars, which Tracy had cashed away in a pine box outside Portland.

The released convict collected the money and kept the hangman. He smuggled two rifles and ammunition into the prison. They were concealed in the prison laundry.

At 7 a.m. on June 9, 1935, a long line of grey-clad prisoners were marched into the laundry for the day's work. Harry Tracy and Dave Merrill leaped forward and bang open the lid of a packing case. Deadly, short-barreled Winchesters appeared in their hands.

A guard, Frank Farrell, whirled at the noise. Tracy raised his gun and deliberately and cold-bloodedly kill ed him.

Another guard, named Guard,



"John!"



upon around at the shot. He saw Tracy looking at him, the still-smoking rifle in his hand. He did not wait to argue, but turned and dashed away for help.

Tracy and Merrill ran from the barnyard and across the yard to the corn wall. A ladder, which had been placed handy by a hired man, was grabbed and placed against it. In a few seconds the corners reared up and dropped over the other side to freedom.

Three armed guards ran along the wall towards them, firing as they came. Below, Harry Tracy halted and aimed the guard supplied men and was dead before he reached the ground. Another followed him, wounded in the right leg and stomach. He died within a few minutes. The third guard, L. E. Yellum, was hit only in the shoulder. However, he could not keep his balance on the wall and tumbled over on Tracy's feet. The others poked him up bodily and held him in front as a shield as he backed towards a clump of sheltering woods, 100 yards away.

Dave Merrill was waiting when they got there. The wounded Yellum dropped to the ground as Tracy let him go in order to reach his rifle. Having done so, he shot the guard dead.

Harry Tracy and Dave Merrill were free. Four painted guards were dead. The whole north-west rose up in anger. Headquarters called to join the hunt for the escapees. But the men kept ahead of their pursuit. They remained hidden in a culvert, almost submerged under water, all the first day of the escape.

That night they marked out Selma, held up a householder and obtained civilian clothes. They appropriated the luggage of two deputy sheriffs looking the hunt for them

and set off for Portland. They drove secretly in daylight through forests on the way, Tracy howling and nodding dumbly to taken walking on the streets as they passed.

Almost every man who owned a gun joined the hunt, but Tracy and Merrill remained at liberty. Several times they were surrounded, but they were always able to blow their way free.

Then, early in July, some news that Tracy was travelling alone. At a farmhouse which they held up for a meal, he read a newspaper which amazingly perturbed him. It contained a statement by Detective Dan Warner of Portland, that he had captured Tracy in 1929 through Merrill's betrayal.

A few days later Merrill's body was fished out of the Columbia River, which Tracy had crossed into Washington. There was a bullet in his back.

Over succeeding weeks Tracy swaggered from State to State. He donned varied red light costumes in cities such as Portland and Seattle, while hundreds of hunters were ransacking the country for him. He commandeered horses, buggies, stage coaches, boats and even a railway engine to shake off his hunters. It necessary he killed. At least held a dozen men till before his guns during his escape odyssey.

At the beginning of August he was wounded in the right hip during a gun battle with a farmer. He was slowed down. His corners closed in.

They caught up with him in the Washington wheatfield. He was hungry and almost exhausted — and as vicious as a wounded wolf. But, hampered by his hip, there was nothing he could do. He could not escape, and he could not kill 800 men. Harry Tracy took the only alternative and killed himself.

pointers to better health

STILLBIRTH PREVENTION

Many Rh-positive infants concerned of Rh-negative mothers can be saved from stillbirths by treating mothers with AGTH and cortisone, according to Dr. Oscar B. Hammer of Washington, U.S.A. The Rh condition is one in which the mother produces antibodies which may destroy the red cells of her unborn child. If the child survives to the point of delivery, its life is usually saved by "exchange transfusion" of blood, giving it a complete new supply. Now AGTH and cortisone have, in a large measure, solved the problem of keeping the baby alive until birth. Prior to the use of cortisone, no Rh-positive child born of a mother who had previously had a stillbirth had been alive at birth.

HEAD HOLLERS

If ever someone driven a bullet into your skull, don't worry about it looking unsightly. A Washington doctor, William T. Spencer, has invented a plaster dough to patch up head wounds which is more from fitting than mending plaster in the head and it is quicker to repair the hole in the head with plastic dough than it is to fit a plate.

The plastic floor and liquid are mixed in the operating room. The whole process of mixing, fitting, moulding to the head and sterilizing the plastic "put" takes less than 30 minutes.

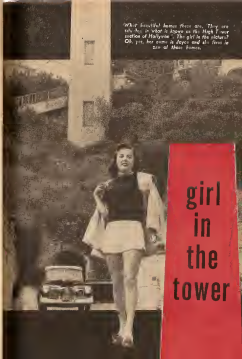
JUMPING OUT OF YOUR SKIN

Dr. James Harrison Brown of St. Louis is working a plan for people to seal their skin after death in order to help ease the loss of the living. He told the American College of Surgeons how the skin of recently deceased patients can help severely burned patients. For three weeks (long enough to seal them over the emergency) these patients wear the skins of others. The transplanted skin lives long enough to cover the raw burning surfaces and prevent the escape of vital fluids from the body. Such skin can be transplanted in strips as large as two feet by six inches.

SKIN DISEASES

While an itch, lupus vulgaris a disfiguring skin condition, is now being helped by the new T.B. drug, rodamid, according to Dr. Evaristo L. Scullberg from the University of Cincinnati College of Medicine.

What beautiful homes there are. They are only this in what is shown as the High Tower section of Hollywood. The girl in the picture? Oh, yes, her name is Joyce and she lives in one of these homes.



girl
in
the
tower

See Barbara living so high her comb,
 the shoes are collar killing. (Whoo!)
 the spring of dress, now! She
 laughed at the fashion that she wished
 the valley could resemble these
 styles.

When she wants to do not longer
 her to with done those shoes.
 The stand a lot. (Looking at
 her quite at a lot.) Oh the way
 down she stops to put the cat.
 Why is she coming out? For a
 purr-purr.

At the parade for her trip down these stairs
 she is going swimming. And beautiful layers in
 real costume guarantees a lot more stars from the
 boys. A lovely girl, a swimming pool and a
 springboard in summer and we are never bored.



HUNCHES

aren't all Hokey



Play those hunches! Medical science accepts them as psychic phenomena. One person in five has that gift.

AFTER the reporter brought on by the news of her latest win had released, Mrs. N. of Wap-Wap, said to the grinning reporter:

"Honey, no funny I dreamed two or three nights ago that I was going to collect this six thousand."

And the reporter poked it down on his interview pad as an interesting human interest item to his copy.

Three opened his mouth to say that the next match would probably be a draw, but Lou spoke for him.

"By gee, that's funny," gasped Dave. "I was just going to say that myself!"

"Great minds think alike," Lou grinned back.

"I had a hunch I'd find you

here," the bright young thing said, to her magnetic friend, as she walked into the anthropology section of the Public Library.

"I wanted somewhere to sit down," explained her devoted mother.

How many times do you hear similar comments to the above? Every day, maybe? Could be—many research tests suggest as much. In all probability you've experienced these intuitions, hunches, premonitions, and others what you will, yourself. Perhaps sudden impulses to back out next weekend.

Or maybe it happened to you this way: You dream of a man you haven't met in eight-nine years, and sure you were in the Army

together. And the very next day you meet him walking down Main Street.

Are these countless and varied incidents hokey? Are they just so many examples of coincidental or similar thought patterns operating in the same time period? Are lines of scientific approach to this age-old question reply with a very definite "No." Modern investigations into this strange world of prophecy, premonitions in choosing a case for prosecution, telepathy, and clairvoyance.

Since 1930, the staff of the Laboratory of Parapsychology at Duke University, North Carolina, U.S.A., have been carrying out extensive tests on numerous subjects led by Professor J. B. Rhine, they have succeeded in establishing a formal, working basis for further experiments into this intensely interesting phenomenon.

Using special packs of twenty-five cards, known as Zener cards, consisting of five symbols, easily distinguishable designs: a plus or cross, circle, square, star, and three parallel wavy lines, they have tested thousands of people for their ability to guess correctly the card currently being removed from the pack and laid face down before them. And by this string of types they have established the fact that one person in five possesses an accuracy sixth sense, or extrasensory perception, as these experiments prefer to refer to it.

The scores made by these subjects have been, on several cards, 100 per cent right, the subject has "guessed" his or her way through the entire pack of twenty-five cards. Apply the mathematics of pure chance, that puts the odds against such a feat being due to sheer luck, pure and unadorned chance,

at 25's, 625's, 15,625, 390, 625 to 1.

When such astronomically large figures can be quoted and verified for by highest authorities, the above chance, possible deception, time and time again when such tests are carried out under every conceivable condition, when every possible precaution to prevent the possibility of "cheating" has been taken, when some of these tests have been run with the subject in a room of a college 250 yards away, then you begin to have a case for mental perceptibility beyond the powers of the first physical senses.

Studying these high scores is obviously demonstrating extraordinary perception. Professor Rhine and his associates, at a test, compared them with odds on the twenty-five card packs by accident and trying to match the cards off by exerting "premonition." And the results came out all around the theoretical direct average of 20. Proving that the earlier results were not coincidence, but that some consistently controlled power was at work.

Times, or tests, as they are known at Duke University, have been made under highly interesting conditions—behind screens, in separate rooms on different buildings of the university campus, and some, as was already mentioned, in a different university, 150 miles away! And as the work has progressed, broader lines of approach to the question have begun both age-old questions as, "Are there anything in the multiple chance for perception, hypnosis, or fortelling the future?" have been attacked by means of laboratory-controlled tests with Professor Rhine's principle subjects participating.

The first test set down by Rhine, was to predict the order of a pack

of X-ray made before the shooting. They were asked to give the card order, not as it was in the pack at the time, but as it would be after the exposures had given the pack a set number of deaths. And in clearly as conspicuous could be made, there was no apparent difference between the prescience and the ordinary seeing.

What does this imply? It gives scientific proof that the human mind is capable of travelling ahead into future. Following disclosure of such a source, there can be little doubt that intensive study of telepathy and precognition phenomena and theory is a matter of major importance.

Can the mind influence matter? If it can see into future, if it is above the limitations of time, what of matter, the physical world?

We know that in all normal mental life the subjective mind does something to the objective human, but can the mind directly influence the existence of an independent object outside its own organism?

Professor Rhine, using mechanistically thrown dice as the most reliable way to find out, has won an extensive period of investigation with many experiments, begun impelled to accept the possibility that mind can influence moving objects. The efforts created by subjects' willing the dice to record certain numbers was most impressive. Called psychokinesis, these test efforts prove that a certain influence was at work in determining the scores to be made by the mechanically chosen dice.

The phenomenon of telepathy is not new. It is conspicuous in explorers and field anthropologists. The capacity of bush telegraph is almost as well known as the rules of hand shrinking and reading.

Precognition, too, has been known from ancient times. The Old Testament contains a number of instances, as does classical history, and mythology. The *quintessence of Neoplatonism*, published in the middle of the 14th century, listed students of the French Renaissance with uncanny accuracy.

Even Professor Rhine's experiments into the capacities of parapsychology are not new, although he has much strengthened the case for extraordinary perception by bringing to his investigations all the classical detachment of the laboratory.

The earliest recorded experiments into psychical research, as the English prefer to call parapsychology, was made, Herodotus tells us, by King Croesus of Lydia, when he issued contemporary oracles for truth of their claims to divine the future. And from then up until the present day, man has witnessed, observed, and wondered at, these 'powers of the dead.'

How did the woman know the way going to win the lottery? Why did she dream that dream?

How did Lee know that Dave was going to speak about football? Telepathy, of course! Professor Rhine would smile.

Why did the morose boy friend choose the department of Anthropology as which to run his test? And how did his girl friend 'hunch' that he would be there? Telepathy, our discourse, how did The Professor would, continue, grinning.

But still there are the unaccounted for, as Rhine himself so aptly put it: "The reservoir of experience are almost infinite." All ways there will be the dyed-in-the-wool materialist who could never accept there being anything beyond the physical boundaries of time and space.

As everything is relative, as every cell and atom and molecule are related, what comes after the acceptance that precognition is just what follows up the assumption that man can see ahead into future and predict physical events yet to happen? A big question, a mighty big question. It poses other questions, and they in their turn still more questions. And you go on and on into the many realms of philosophical incompleting.

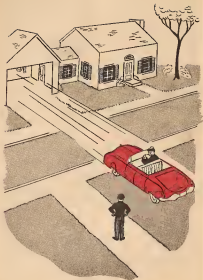
If history is, in actuality, already in existence, if a student in Duke University, North Carolina, can successfully predict the order of a pack of cards before they have been shuffled, we have to accept that fact. Perhaps, as these writers of science-fiction would have us believe, we are simply passing under the control of those hidden powers men in the dying moments that are currently slipping around the sides of our

daily planet. And if that is so, if we cannot help what we do anyway, if our future actions already exist, what is to become of free will? Why were we given the powers of reasoning and decision to begin with?

These investigations into parapsychology are still very much in their infancy. What marvelous new frontiers of mind are yet waiting to be opened up by man's groping curiosity?

So the next time you go to the races and get a strong hunch to put the bet on number seven, why not do it? Maybe you're one of the ones in line with extra-sensory perception. And think what an individual who developed the happy hunch could do in the bookmakers over a 12-month period—if he didn't score himself to death by drinking about how rich he was going to be or what would happen if he lost.





"Morning."

The Enemy Was Cold

LISTER WAY



During World War II Britain found the ice of the North Sea no less a hazard as enemy torpedoes.

AT the end of 1941 the war was hot, but there was a cold side to it, and the cold side threatened to slow Britain before the belt.

The shipping lanes were too hot to use. Enemy submarines found out when a convoy was on its way, and so methods of detection were proof against a sneak attack. An escort of destroyers and corvettes could give hell to the submarines, but some ships and precious supplies were being blown. Skilled seamen were going down, and Britain couldn't afford to lose ships and sailors at the rate she was losing them. She was forced to man some ships with new kids who didn't know how to make a line fast.

There was the hazard of attacks

down the air as well, and these were still harder to counter. Air attack as well as under-water attack was increased to narrow lanes, how ever, to well-defined shipping lanes. If convoys could avoid these lanes, they could stay being ships.

British shipping had collapsed, and, just as in the 18th century, when one trade route was closed, alternatives sought and found another, so, in the emergency of 1941, Britain had to blaze new sea-trails.

There were no unknown seas to chart, but there were sea spaces that were considered to be not navigable by ordinary cargo ships. Ships specially built and specially fitted out for the purpose went into the northern waters, but each ship

were not designed to carry cargo, they were designed merely to assist in killing cordilleras, and were were then manned by search crews of inexperienced boys. They had always carried picked men, men trained to sail under Arctic conditions.

But British shipping had to dodge U-boats and Nazi bombers. British shipping couldn't afford to "take it" any longer. Toward the end of 1941, therefore a small but important convoy steamed out of a port on the Atlantic coast of Canada, and headed slowly southward toward the ice fields floating over the freezing water at the speed of its slowest vessel. It skirted the region of ice, and not so close for the North Sea, far above Scotland.

This convoy encountered no submarine, and no bombers. Some of us groaned worried about our unhinged stomachs, but those broad, away from the ice-fields to massive shipping only in spring and summer when the ice is melting, while that convoy challenged the perils of the Arctic route at the beginning of winter. The deep freeze was menacing, the ice was getting harder, and none of it was fleeing loose to rap gaps in the hulls of ships.

The chains of ships sailed without incident up the coast of Labrador, and rounded past Greenland. The sea was calm. At times, they were cracking through a thin crust of ice, which could form only when there was no wind to whip up the sea. Men had their fingers frozen, of course, and they had to learn to shake them out, without applying heat. But they learned quickly, and they learned without serious exception. They learned that, as still as you can freeze without feeling cold, and then, after a little while on deck, heat becomes your enemy.

It was staggering the lunatic way it was traveling without comfort, with the pain of cold, and the ache of tortured muscles, and the heavy drag of exhaustion always there. Every task was harder, because everything about deck, was frozen, and fatigue became a deadly menace when the temperature is down to zero. You don't dare relax, you don't dare do let your bloodstream slow down.

It was tough and bitter, but the ships were getting through. And those men knew that a point had been reached where each ship had could again start home for some in Britain. The few survivors in that convoy became hardened sea-hands before the killing voyage was half completed.

In Whitehall, in the Admiralty, among the officers of the escort, from now thought they had the answer. The convoy was steaming into the North Sea, and they were finished.

But the North Sea had something to say. Through the centuries, the North Sea has spoken often, and always in the same voice, in the heart of a 40-mile-an-hour gale swept from the North Pole. The air was below zero, the water itself was below freezing-point, and the wind lifted water out of the sea and threw it against the ship's sides.

The hulls above water were so cold that the water tended to ice the instant it struck. The port side of every ship in the convoy was glared with a coating of ice in less than a minute, and the gale continued. The waves rose higher every hour, and larger quantities of water were dashed on to the ships.

The ice coming got thicker. After an hour, according to one ship's log, the ice was an inch and a half thick, but the gale went on for days. The ice became a foot thick, then two feet thick, and on half-

loaded ships, on ships not built to fight North Sea gales.

They began to heel away from the weight of ice. All hands were ordered on deck. They used ice-axes to chop the ice away. They heard a freezing, swollen word, and shipped at ice threatening to turn their ships over and sink them.

The ships were pitching madly, however, and the decks were so slippery that it was impossible to work with both hands. The men had to hold on to something, they could chop with only one hand, and an axe is heavy. It is made heavy for a tough job. It chipped the ice and sent it splashing into the sea, but there were tons of ice, and a man can work for only a limited time in these conditions.

Ten minutes was the limit for the first better boats, afters of the convoy learned that no man, no matter how tough and willing, could last any longer. He had to rest, and while he rested, more ice than he had chopped away, formed in its place.

The ice continued to pile up, and the convoy was lying over dangerously. Desperately, engineers rapped steam-pipes and hoses on deck, and tried to melt the ice with jets of steam. But there wasn't enough steam in their boilers to defeat that sea-ice gale, and the ice than did melt ran a few inches and froze again.

The entire convoy was threatening to sink. They tried to adjust the engines, but the ships were fully loaded, so there was no room for adjustment. The ice piled thicker. The ships lay over so far that a slight change of wind would have capsized them. At that stage, the commander had to make a bitter decision.

The ships themselves, and their crews, were more precious than any

VIGNETTE OF LIFE

"The happiest time of life,"

Observed the married man,

"Is when you take a wife—

Which everybody can."

An old maid must be said,

To have had no home,

But what she never had

She never knew

—RAY-BEL—

gangs. Therefore, the order went out to jettison cargo, to lighten it from the port side, until the ships righted themselves. That was hard, it was heart-breaking to feed the hungry sea with food and munitions that Britain needed badly.

So it saved the ships and saved the men. The convoy got through, and it got through with the larger part of its cargo still in the holds. What they had lost hurt, but those men had proved that the Arctic passage could be navigated by sea-ship shipping, even in mid-winter.

The Arctic passage could be used, but only if they found a way to get rid of the ice.

They had to find a way, and witfully Storm papers directly under the hulls would stop ice from forming, but the convoys had to keep moving; there wasn't time for ice sitting. And the convoys had to use the Arctic route.

The Admiralty took Dr. A. S. Lawrence, a physician, and looked him up in a laboratory with a few research workers at Liverpool Uni-

ventry, and to give them what seemed an impossible short race to do an impossible job.

The instructions were simple. They had to find a means of preventing ice forming on a ship, or, alternatively, they had to find a way of shrinking that ice faster than it formed. And it had to be done without new equipment, without remodeling the ships, without causing delay in any way. It was an order. It had to be done, either these scientists did it, and did it fast, or there wouldn't be any Great Britain. The Admiralty wasn't balking. This is how things were at the start of 1942.

Lawrence and his team did it, of course. They patted themselves against the bay of the North Sea, and lost the sea without leaving their laboratory, and all the equipment they used was a glass tube four feet long, a rotary blower driven by a one-horse-power motor, a refrigerator, and a sheet of steel. The refrigerator gave them Arctic cold. The blower sent a gale-force wind through the glass tube, and shot freezing air, laden with water, on to a cold steel plate. With such gadgets, it took them just three days to solve a problem that vexed Russian communications at a time when that vexed many Britons.

Lawrence recognized the things he couldn't do, and he didn't try. He knew he couldn't stop the ice from forming, and he couldn't melt ice off a ship's hull as it came with "planning" there was too much hull, and too much freezing air in the North Sea, so he concentrated on finding a way to melt the entire above-water surface of the ships with a substance from which he could be pulled without effort, and time at a time.

Ships had already been smeared with grease to prevent ice from ad-

hering tightly, but that didn't work. The grease whipped the hulls and washed them clean of grease before ice started forming, and there was no grease known that would stay where it was put in the face of water-pressure such as those ships encountered.

The scientists had to invent a new grease, a grease that would stick to any pole, and be thick enough to prevent the ice from getting a tight hold. They brought all their knowledge into it, and mixed hundreds of different compounds, and tried each on the plate of frozen steel, spurring it with water at over a hundred miles an hour. They described one compound after another, but every now and then something, and they made more compounds.

Three days later, Lawrence got the Admiralty on the phone. He had the substance. It could be painted on to a ship with an ordinary brush, it would stay on no matter how fierce the gale, and when ice formed over it, the ice only had to crack it into chunks, and it would fall off.

The new compound was first used in February, 1942, on a convoy going to Marseilles, and Lawrence and his team went along. It was the winter which Hitler blamed for his debacle at Moscow, it was one of the worst on record in those seas. The seas heeded, and gales lashed them, and the Schernhorst tried to sink them, but the coast chased the Schernhorst, and the coast just tipped the sea off the hulls faster than it formed.

Falks didn't talk about a cold war in those days, but part of that war was very cold, and that part had to be won, or all was lost. It wasn't won with guns and torpedoes; it was won in a glass tube just four feet long.

Take Notice of that Burp!

One of the most common physical complaints is indigestion. It occurs in various forms and has various causes.

REG WALKER

THIS drunk looked as tho' he was, almost asleep and no one took notice of him, except a few children who nudged each other and giggled. Then suddenly the drunk's figure lurched upward and he uttered a loud burp. The result was a considerable effect on the train, the children giggled out loud, some were grinned, a few ladies involuntarily tightened their lips in expressions of disgust, while one or two accepted the burp as a common, every-day occurrence.

Actually the burp is a common, every day occurrence. Everybody does it, although some do so more than others. The disgust associated with it is required when someone burps in public. As one lady said to her companion when the drunk belched so loud, "It is disgusting. That is what drunk does to one."

And the drunk widened one eye at the speaker and replied "An empty house is better than a bad tenant, lady."

The lady was not quite correct when she made her observation about drunk. Some, alcohol does make a person belch, as does a cork shake or a glass of orange juice. But there are other causes of the burp—the



belch, or indigestion, which is really what is the trouble.

The main causes of indigestion or dyspepsia, if we become more technical, are: 1, unbalanced diet; 2, too rapid eating; 3, eating too quickly; 4, irregular eating; 5, eating when excited or fatigued; 6, smoking; 7, insufficient mastication; 8, nervous

ing too soon after a meal, 9, eating too much, 11, drinking too much. If you have indigestion and it is due to one of these things and it can be cured easily, then you have no cause to worry, other than the discomfort of the indigestion while it is upon you. But indigestion can also be caused by serious disease and should you be unable to rid yourself of indigestion, then you have only one course open to you—see a doctor.

Indigestion can be painful. You may have a mild attack, in which you feel full in the stomach and you know that it is a long time since you ate. This discomfort is caused through the swelling of air. Maybe you talked to much while you were eating or drinking; maybe you ate your last meal with your mouth open, that is known as gastric distention and it causes only a mild discomfort. But heartburn is painful. There are varying degrees of heartburn. There may be just a mild burning sensation behind the breastbone, or you may be in such pain that you lie on the floor and squirm, trying to find ease in the most uncomfortable positions.

Most people eat a more or less balanced diet unconsciously, but if you follow all the other rules of eating and you still get indigestion, consult a dietitian or a physical culture expert, who will give you a diet chart to follow. If this does not cure you, then the chances are that you have a serious disease of which indigestion is only a symptom and not the physical disorder.

Constipation causes indigestion through the consequent absorption of poisons into the blood stream. Constipation can be relieved by abdominal exercise or massage, or a combination of both. This is the best method, as it forces the hard contents in the walls of the intestine

to fall away. The taking of oils causes a way through the softest contents in the course of the bowels, but does not break away the hard matter from the walls. Constipation may be relieved by small doses of cathartics of saline or milk of magnesia.

Food must be eaten slowly in order to give the gastric juices a chance to digest each food. Similarly, meals should be eaten at regular times. If you eat lunch at midday one day, eat it at midday every day. Tea or dinner at night, like lunch, should be eaten at a regular hour.

If you are excited, worried or tired, you are causing indigestion if you eat a meal. In such conditions or emotions, the bloodstream, which should be concentrated around the digestive organs during a meal, is mainly in the muscles or other organs of the body, hence the digestive system cannot do its work properly.

William Gladstone, the former Prime Minister of England, used to say that each mouthful of food should be masticated 32 times. Very few people do this. Many regard food as a necessary evil and the time taken to eat is a waste of time. But you should spend quite some time in eating and each mouthful should be chewed to pulp. Quick eating means that portions of partly digested food pass through the alimentary canal and thus disorders its functions. If the food is insufficiently chewed, the digestive juices are not able to come as thoroughly into contact with it. The harder the pieces into which the food is converted, the greater the surface area which is reached by these juices.

It takes from three to five hours to digest a meal, hence too much food in the stomach—or too much drink—cannot be digested as well as a normal meal. The gastric juices have to work overtime and they cannot

cope with a full stomach. The digestive period of three to five hours means that nothing should be eaten until digestion of the previous meal has taken place. Hence three meals each day should be the ideal and nothing should be eaten between meals.

If you exercise before the food is digested, or at least partly digested, then the juices are thrown into the order and the bloodstream is altered. When a group of muscles is exercised the flow of blood is increased to that area. Therefore some blood is taken from the stomach. When you exercise after a meal, give yourself at least one hour after a normal meal. If you have eaten a lot, do not exercise for longer than an hour.

Heartburn can be relieved by drinking water containing a pinch of bicarbonate of soda.

Water-Brash is another type of indigestion which is not easy to take. This consists of the regurgitation into the mouth of a watery fluid, some times consisting of acids, sometimes of mucus and sometimes of both, mixed together. It is not necessarily caused by any disease of the stomach, although it is sometimes associated with food poisoning.

At a certain period of time after a meal, the stomach has an uncomfortable sensation of constriction beneath the lower end of the breastbone, accompanied usually by profuse salivation. Reflux occurs in bringing up several mouthfuls of clear fluid.

Treatment with alkali of magnesium taken internally, of course, or an alkaline solution of bicarbonate may make give temporary relief.

Many neurotic patients suffer from indigestion as a result of an ab-



normally irritable nervous system with an associated lack of relaxation. Depressing emotions, business or domestic worries, long hours of physical or mental overwork, often associated with irregular or limited meals, are frequent causes.

The digestive symptoms of nervous dyspepsia are characterized by their extreme irregularity, the patient feeling very ill one day and comparatively well the next. The most common complaint is of fullness of the abdomen or discomfort as soon as a small quantity of food has been eaten. It is made worse by fatigue, worry and excitement, but rarely amounts to actual pain.

Many sufferers complain of a feeling of fullness which is generally due to swallowing air.

Nervous dyspepsia loses their appetites, thus taking inefficient food. This leads to further depression of the nervous system, which reacts again on the digestion, so that a vicious circle is produced. Constipation is usually present.

Headaches, backaches, palpitations and sleeplessness accompany the stomach disorders. The patient loses weight and strength thus becoming more depressed and pessimistic.

It can be seen that unless something is done, the condition can only become worse. The treatment is simple, but exacting.

An X-ray is often necessary as a check to see whether there is anything present other than the suspected dyspepsia. If there are no accompanying diseases, rest is the big cure—physical rest and rest from care.

If you have peptic ulcers, then the treatment involves more rest. But the rest is still essential. Diet, also, is important.

To rest the body is easy, to rest the mind completely is not so easy. If you are a worrier, it becomes ex-

ceedingly difficult to gain that relaxation so necessary. But if you have a logical mind, apply this principle: "Worry makes me a nervous dyspeptic, worry gives me this tired feeling, this indignation, this displeasure, this loss of appetite, strength and energy. And the more I worry, the worse I will be, the less I will be able to cope with situations as they arise. Therefore, I will lay to my business, as my mind will not be at its clearest. So I will have to rest." You are on your own, you are your own doctor. He can give you the recipe for fitness, but it is up to you whether you get better.

Maybe you are not a nervous dyspeptic, maybe you are just a normal sufferer from indigestion, but in so admitting, isn't it? Wash your chest out regularly, do not eat between meals, chew your food thoroughly; relax your body and mind before you undress at a meal. Do not overeat. Remember that meal time is essential, get used to the idea that you have a half-hour or even more to devote to feeding yourself. Mark that time down and do nothing else while you are eating. Do not think about the worrying things about life. Concentrate on your food.

If you find it difficult to eat slowly, read while you are eating. This will make you eat slower. Do not read the stock reports or about this unsettled world. Read a light story or magazine, or novel.

If you want to belch, do so. That gets rid of some of that wind you have. In fact it is a sign that you have enjoyed a good meal. It is unseemly to pour hot tea to burp after eating. In this society of ours, it is regarded as rude to "make a noise." You may still belch without making a big noise. Else it out, then say "excuse me." As the drunk said, "An empty house is better than a bad guest."

FICTION

a heap of
HATE!



D'ARCY NILAND

Big John wanted to avenge his brother's death, so he hired me to do the job. It looked routine to me, but—

LITTLE John Boone had been six feet under for three days when this thing happened.

I didn't get up. I was too damn comfortable. I lay still on the bed, even behind my head. But I kept my eyes that gap a way from the time he knocked and I called to him to come in until he sat down on the chair. A great talk with an eye jaw and full of alliance. He was when the way he walked, the way he stood, the way he looked. When he spoke the words came quiet.

"Nugget. Moolah?"

"That's right," I told him. "You know me?"

"Who doesn't? You're Big John Boone, Little John's brother."

He pulled out a packet of figs. I took one. He looked around the room. I don't know why. There was not much to see. A bedboard table, a gas ring in the corner, a bulb or two in the lamp, a calendar and a couple of pin-up girls on the wall.

"You still in the business, Nugget?"

"I look like I still eat, don't I?"

"You know Little John's dead?"

"I read it for breakfast a few mornings ago."

"You didn't read here," he said.

"Yeah, I did. He jumped over the top."

Big John Remore gave a snarl. Two men plenty tough characters in any time, and ugly ones. But this Remore could have given King Kong a kicking start and then scared him home.

"You see how jump, Nigger?" he said in that calm, slow way.

"What do you think?"

"Anybody else see him?"

"Nobody said they did."

"Listen, they find his body on the rocks, so they think he jumped. You reckon he jumped, Nigger?"

"I can't reckon nothing. I don't know whether he fell, jumped, tried to prove he was a birdie, or what."

"Little John was thrown over."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah, I found out. It's true. He was done over. It was no mistake, Nigger."

"Who did it—you find that out?"

"Yeah. It was Tommy the Fly."

Big John snarl, looking hard at me from his thick, moist, monkey eyes.

"I dunno why, and why don't murder, but he did it. It was murder, Nigger, and here you be to feed, and I want you to fix him."

There was a lot of swagony in the way he said it, a heap of hate.

"Why," I said, in some surprise. "I didn't know you and little John thought so much of each other."

That made him more hot than ever. Hate, there was a little. Suppose you mind your own business. I don't ask you none. When you show, when you eat, what the hell you do, blood's thicker than water, and I don't want nobody getting away with my brother's murder. Tommy the Fly a friend of yours?"

"Nobody's a friend of mine."

"You take it on them?"

"How much?"

"How about \$200?"

"I am up," "Listen, you cabbage-head. You think you can get me for that? I'm done. You got a real job done with me, and it don't blow back on nobody's face. You pay for this double in and I'll talk later."

"I haven't got that much."

"Then it's simple," I told him. "You don't buy me. And I don't give lay-by, late payments or take 100%." We're waiting close, less it."

He pushed the chair back in he stood up. "Nobody talks to me like that—"

"I'm talking to you like that."

He didn't know where the money came from. All he could do was stare at it, livid at his big, ugly mug. Maybe two minutes went by. He was opened. I helped him to regain him.

"It's your move," I said.

"Aw, listen, Nigger," he relaxed.

"This is stupid. I didn't come here to argue with you." He sat down, and pulled out a crumpled wallet. "I give you two hundred now and the rest when you finish the job. All right?"

"Fine enough."

He counted the money in fivers and tens. Then he got up to go. "I hope them won't be any ship."

"You don't know my reputation as you wouldn't say that. Just one thing. Did the police talk to you about Little John's death?"

"Yeah. They asked me a few things, but I didn't tell them any thing. About Tommy the Fly, I mean."

"Just one thing more—why like me to do this job? What's wrong with you bumping off Tommy?"

"Nigger, I just come out of the can five years. You don't know what it's like to do five years hard inside

I got some living to catch up on. I'm not taking any more. They'll never get me back there again."

The way he said it, he meant that all right. He went out already. I watched him go. You wouldn't have heard him.

I started work immediately, chopped off the whiskey, opened up, put on the best suit in the wardrobe—and the only one I didn't find Tommy at the residential where he lived. Sleazy's billiard room, or Larry's two-up school, Rat. I got the keys, and they led me to Gus's barney. Through the fog of gray fumes and cigarette smoke I saw Tommy sitting in a table looking his puny face with a hanger.

"Good, Nigger!" he jumped up, full of his usual bawdy brutality, the plastered hair and the big gold tooth shining. "I haven't seen you since Kate took a good turn in the plank. What's new? Sit down. Here a feed."

I told him I had a little business proposition that might interest him. He took it all in, staring, between fixed cotton, eggs and starch buttons. He'd be in it, he said. He could handle all the money he could get. He just finished watching the set up when a woman, small, blonde and looking approach, Tommy the Fly leaped up again, and, grabbing her by the arm, pulled her into the table beside him.

"Nigger, this is the money."

"No," I stared. "Don't tell me."

"There's the money." He jerked a thumb at the ring of diamonds on the star white finger. "Here comes a fortnight now, and I don't feel like a gambler yet." He laughed, then squandered an apology and introduced me. I saw the mark below the woman's face like a blind pulled down a window. She'd heard about me. She didn't like me. That was plain. I

used her the embarrassment of sitting in silence. When I got up to leave there was a look on her face, and I didn't have to step into Webster to know it was worry.

The wharves were in blocks of darkness with a slant and a wedge of dim, long light here and there. When Tommy the Fly turned up I looked him down the darkness. He was gray, sharp, sharply, sharp. I told him what we want. He led the way, pushing his steps. He didn't make a sound. Neither did I. The water dripped against the pale and lowered under the shimmering gray reflections of light.

When I struck the rod in Tommy's back, he stopped dead. He said with astonishment: "What the hell, Nigger?"

"I got nothing against you, Tommy. I'm doing this for a chest. It's a job. You'll appreciate that."

Keeping his hands raised, he turned round. "Who wants me rubbed out?" He was more bewildered than afraid.

"Big John Remore."

"Big John? Is he out? What the hell have I done to him?"

"He didn't like the way you have rubbed his brother."

Tommy the Fly looked stunned. I was used to the darkness, and I could see the uncertainty and puzzlement on his face. Suddenly I caught the quick broad glances of shoes. I grabbed Tommy's arm, stuck the gun in his side, and edged him behind a tarpaulin covered stack.

"Tommy! Tommy! Where are you?" It was the soft cry of a woman. "It's Ruby," Tommy said. "She must have followed me."

The door was, calling out in a whisper, standing, staring out very and that, moving. Suddenly when she was only a few feet away, I thrust Tommy against her, and snarled down her.

"Why couldn't you keep your nose out of it?"

Tommy the Fly knew I had no alternative than to let her have it, too. He said, "For God's sake, Nigger, listen, just listen. Big John reckons I killed his brother. How could I do that when I wasn't even here? We were in Melbourne, on our honeymoon. We didn't get back till yesterday."

"My headah," she waxes me in, "that's the truth. You've got to be true."

"Another thing," Tommy the Fly said, "look at me, and look at Little John. He was fourteen stone of size and build. Can you see me beating him over that drop, even dragging him to the trunk?"

"You had help."

"Have you ever known me to work with muscle men?"

"No," I said. Beatie wanted me. "If you ask me," Tommy the Fly said, "there's one man who wouldn't have had any trouble lifting and dragging Little John to his death, and that's the cat that was you putting for me Big John himself."

I could see that easily. "But why would he do that?"

"I'll tell you why," Tommy said. "Five years ago me and the two Boscos pulled a job. We got down on the Melbourne payroll. It was a rap, but one thing went wrong. Big John Bosco wanted all the heat for himself, and got it. He had a little John, who didn't like being double-crossed, even by his brother, upped off the cops, and the job was thrown home to Big John, even though the dough was never found."

I thought of all the sugar I'd seen in Big John's wallet, and I remem-

bered his remark about all that being he had to cough up on.

"Big John must have thought I was in on the pinching, too, that was him up for five years. That's why he put me on the spot. But I never squealed, Nigger."

They could have been telling me a yarn. But it could have been the truth, and if it was, where, just where, did I fit into the picture? I'd been trying to figure it while Tommy was talking, and now I began to get a gleam of comprehension.

"Gee, blow," I told them. "No hard feelings."

"No hard feelings, Nigger," Tommy the Fly said.

There was one way, I hoped, of bringing this hell to a head. I donned a phoney and rang Big John Bosco. I told him the job was finished. I was going home to soccer off and that I'd be home in the morning. Then I went back to my lodgings. But I didn't go in. I hung around in the street, in a black doorway, some hundred yards from the place. I was there maybe an hour when the black car came, pulled up outside the point I lived in, and let out four cops who went up the steps and inside. That was enough for me. I didn't wait for them to disappear.

It took me thirty minutes to get to Big John Bosco's point. There was no lock on the door, I lit myself up and switched on the light. Even then the bulk in the bed, flat on its back, snoring, didn't wake up.

I switched the fan a couple of times, and he jumped up with a start. "Wap, Nigger, what are you doing here? I thought you said—"

"You come for the pay-off. Right now, and don't fiddle, or I'll blow your skull off."

"Sore, Nigger." He threw the bed clothes down, and drew the wallet

from one of the sides on his hip. He paid out the two hundred notes. I folded them and jammed them in my pocket.

"Gee you're not putting it over on me, Nigger? Tommy's dead—poor fellow about that?"

"I'm going to tell you something, Beatie, you hear? Stunk. No, Tommy's not dead. And you know why? Because your double-crossing stunk badhadd. That is how I see it. When you come out of the job had it all figured out. You'd bump your own brother off first. Then you'd get Tommy the Fly put out of the way. You'd pick a partner to do that for you—any one. I did not matter to you. He'd be the shot—had served your purpose. You did not have to have the little note him. Just so long as he lived into the plot."

Big John was staring at me, his eyes rolled up, showing the yellowish whites.

"But you picked me because you could be sure of getting the job done perfectly. Okay. As soon as Tommy says it you tap off the police who did it and they pin the rap on me. With a little smart pinching they might even nail me with killing Little John. So you kill three birds with the one stone—and all this just so you can get your money and make certain at the same time there'll never be any suspicion against you. You want to go on having a whole of a time with that payroll coming. Does that line it up, Bosco?"

"If you shoot me," Beatie said, "they'll get you soon—"

"I'm not going to shoot you, Beatie. Nothing so stupid. I can get on a phone too. I can blow down a cop's gun ear." I aimed to the door. "Get up and get your laundry box on, Bosco. The boy'll be here in an hour, wait to be ready. That ed is making you."



"Can you describe it?"

Cavalcade Home of

the Month

No. 6

by W. Watson-Sharp



THE approach to the design of the holiday home is different from that for a full time residence. The standard for this type of dwelling is continually improving and the makeshifts of a by-gone age are definitely a thing of the past.

Cavalcade suggests in the accompanying sketches a large living room, with a section set aside for cooking, in which a breakfast bar is included. The living room opens out on to a wide terrace, half of which is covered by a wide overhanging roof.

There are two bunk rooms each with a built-in wardrobe; and a utility room which incorporates washing facilities, a shower and a clothes warmer.

The overall area is 700 square feet and the minimum frontage required to accommodate this house is 60 feet.



WILL TO SURVIVE

When a multimillionaire died in 1912, his lawyer was so upset that he showed away on a trans-Atlantic liner. He took with him his client's will which represented \$4,000 dollars, sealed in a bottle and he threw it overboard when the ship got under way. Recovering his senses, he realized what he had done and ordered a large reward for its recovery. Before it was found, three years later, it had travelled thousands of miles and had been implored by many, who, unaware of its value, had tossed it back into the sea. One fisherman found it in the stomach of a shark. A missionary discovered it near the mouth of the Amazon, where it was being worshipped as an idol by natives.

SECOND SIGHT

For more persons with second sight, the inability to see as well in the daylight as at night, than from spectacles, the inability to see after midnight except under a strong artificial light.

NOAH'S Ark

Scarcely an British war vessel were ever allowed to own pigs and keep

them on board, with little restriction to their number. But the provision was suddenly banned when the Admiralty learned that one battleship carried an assortment of 1,500 animals, which even included, apart from the usual run of dogs and cats, don, pigs, bears and monkeys.

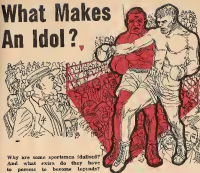
DOUBLE WOMEN

A one-in-a-million birth of two sons, each from a separate womb, has been recorded in Westminster General Hospital, New York. Double wombs are rare in women, but are common in animals, particularly in kangaroos and opossums. In the above case, doctors emphasized that the boys were not twins. The first boy, weighing 14 pounds, arrived 16 hours before his brother, who weighed four pounds, 11 ounces. From post-natal examination, doctors expected them.

BAGS TO RICHES

The total circulation of daily newspapers in U.S.A. reached a record 59,472,258 in 1963, an increase of 620,871 over the previous year. The circulation of the 327 morning papers was 31,612,874, and of the 268 evening papers, 27,859,382.

What Makes An Idol?



Why are some sportsmen idolized? And what exists do they have to possess to become legends?

RAY MITCHELL

PUBLIC opinion is a strange thing.

A sportsman is either liked or not. Maybe he is a champion, but that does not mean that he automatically becomes a hero. For from it, quite often a non-title holder is more popular than the champion.

Looking through the annals of the ring, we find hundreds of champions—national and world. These can be divided into four categories—legends, idols, popular and unpopular. Maybe you are quite hard and place most in another channel—negative. In other words, they are accepted and the fans feel no emotion regarding them. Such a man is Jimmy Carter, who had a Cinderella rise to the world lightweight title. Jimmy was regarded as

a good technician, who was hard to beat when the title was on the line. He lost his title twice to under dogs in the bantam, the second time to Paddy De Marco in March this year. Yet Jimmy beat a couple of men who were expected to take his title. And through all that, people just accepted Carter as a good champion, without any mind to chat about him—or defeat him.

When a boxer reaches the stage where thousands roll up to see him fight every time his name appears in lights over the medium sports, then he is an idol. He enjoys seeing his name in lights; he sees people pointing him out in the street, he sees his photo in the newspapers

nearly every day of every week.

The fact whether he moves up into the legend class usually takes place after his retirement. Young Garbo, the Australian wall-of-the-way has been a legend throughout this century. Lou Barry is a legend, and the legend of Barry will never die. Never will it be generally admitted that we have had greater middleweights in Australia than him. I think we have, but legends do that.

America has struck Stanley Ketchel, their middleweight champion of 1908-10, into the legend class. Since his death, he has been used as the yardstick in America, when later champions have sprung into the limelight, just as Barry in the yard stick in Australia. America has other legends, too, all of them champions of the past, most of them dead. John L. Sullivan is still a legend years after his death, Joe Louis, former world lightweight king, is also a legend.

Jack Dempsey is a legend. He is enjoying greater popularity now than he ever did as champion. When he was champion he was disliked by a certain, but despised by majority. Then he lost his crown to Gene Tunney, a stubborn skyscraper lover and the fans swung their backs to the old Marston. Myler Dempsey was more true by his defeat than he ever did by his victories. And when Tunney repeated his victory over Dempsey in the Battle of the Long Court, the modern Glee bowed himself forever from popularity, while the weeping, wailing Dempsey found himself lifted to the legend class.

Tunney, possibly the greatest heavyweight of all time (that is a matter of opinion, but at least he was one of the best), was never a legend, as ideal or even popular. He led the mainstream of following a travelling champion who packed drama

into his fights. Tunney, an audience boxer, was the complete antithesis of Dempsey, and the little duo, who had hoisted Dempsey on occasion, hoisted Tunney.

Tunney gave Lloyd Charles a preview of things to come. Tunney followed a great disoriented, so did Charles, who followed Joe Louis. The Brown Bomber was an idol, indeed he was rapidly becoming a legend when he was automatically knocked out by Max Baerling in 1935. That breaking down of the unnecessary barrier spoiled Joe's chances of proving the legend class during his career, even though he went on to greater heights and shelled Schweitzer in one round in a certain bout. But Joe was an idol and he must be considered as one of the all-time greats. In a few years' time he will become a legend.

But Charles, who followed Joe, was a colossus fighter compared to the great Brown Bomber. Yet, look at Charles' record, it compares more than favourably with most of the heavyweight champions of the past. And he scored more K.O. victories than any heavyweight king, bar Dempsey, Louis and Cassius And, unlike the great Indian Cassius, Charles has included the best of his time and was not belittled with setbacks (Barnes who caused fight).

The man who succeeds as well as the throne always has to build public opinion. To have the crowd on his side, he has to be better than the previous champion and is considered if by his three attributes, then he can overcome the antagonism with which he is met. But a well take him a long time.

George Carpentier was one of the few men who needed the legend status in his own time. The Frenchman was more than an idol in France when he was fighting, and whenever he suffered defeat, all

France mourned. It was a tragedy. Jimmy Wilde became a legend in his own time in Great Britain. The great little Welsh flyweight was probably the best flyweight of all time, but that alone did not place him in the legend class. What did?

Vic Patrick, the Australian lightweight champion knocked the legend class in Australia while he was champion. Vic was the most popular fighter this country has had since Barry. Who could ever forget the scene at Sydney Stadium that night in September, 1917, when Vic was knocked out in the 15th round by Freddie Dawson? The packed stadium of over 14,000 fans stood stock still there was not a movement nor a murmur. Nor was there any life in that crowd for over three minutes. Then Vic waded to his feet, to show he was O.K. The cheer he received was even greater than he had received in victory, they were cheers that are reserved for idols. Vic was O.K. and those cheers were pregnant with relief and affection for a great fighter.

Yet, although Vic was loved more than any fighter since Barry, the greatest dividend in the history of Sydneys Ltd was the better champion of the same period—Tommy Barnes. Fifteen times he packed Sydney Stadium in 30 fights. He retired, made a comeback—and packed the Stadium again. He retired again and made a further comeback. And in 1935 Sydney Stadium was packed to the rafters once more. The fight? George Barnes v. Tommy Barnes—et cetera. Great Barnes, the new welter king, did not pack at he had fought at Sydney Stadium many times before and had never consumed fans at, although he was always a great crowd-pleaser and a good fighter. No, it was Tommy Barnes who filled the Stadium that night. Barnes, no longer the fighter of yore, but a

clever fighter, who that night was beaten. Yet all the fans were with him. It was a Barnes' home.

What is the secret of Barnes' appeal, the man who filled Sydney Stadium more times than any other fighter, who could add to his 15 full Sydney Stadium when he was opposed to a man whom everyone thought would have Barnes—and did?

Barnes was a great fighter, but we have had greater. He was attractive to watch, he fought hard, he engaged as the greatest fighter ever seen in this country—in 1917, when he knocked out O'Neill Bell in 11 rounds, he figured in five more of the greatest fights seen, fights that were the equal of almost any that have taken place in Australia. Perhaps that is why he packed the Stadium? Not altogether. The man had colour. He still has, he will pack the Stadium when he is 40, if he is still fighting.

Yet there are many who do not like Barnes. Women move about him, perhaps that is why a number of men do not like him. Automatically and unconsciously they rebel against a figure who is so popular with their womenfolk. Even though that rebility be showered on Barnes from a distance.

Always—or nearly always—there were those who wanted to see Barnes beaten. But when he was beaten by Barnes, the WHOLE crowd was with him!

One of the most loved fighters in Australia's pugilistic history was Dave Davis. Yet, although everyone regarded Davis with affection, due to the type of man he was, he was loved more than most champions. If Dave knocked out his opponent early, as he often did, the crowd booed because they felt that they had not received their money's worth. If Dave won on points or if he won by a knock out in a late round, the crowd booed again, because they thought he should have

knocked out his man unharmed! Yet those boxes were not at Sands the Min, but at his display. For all that Dave was the best middleweight in the world and the best middleweight I ever saw. The great Ray Robinson, regarded by many as America's last middle weight of all time, would not fight Dave unless he got 15 per cent of the gate. "I want a lot of money to fight that guy," said Robinson.

Sands was not a legend, he was not altogether an idol here, although he was with many. His case is a paradox. But he was one of the most loved men who ever donned a boxing glove.

Ben Richards was an idol. He is developing into a legend, years after his prime.

Andrew Palmer was one of the most capable fighters this country has produced, but he rarely lifted the admiration. He was regarded as a machine, — a machine which was almost perfect — and few just naturally expected him to win. But when he was stopped by Leo Kelly, Palmer suddenly became an idol. The fans realized that he was human after all.

Jack Carroll was the greatest writer the country has ever produced and he most naturally would have won a world title had he fought for it. But Jack did not hit popularly good until he was almost thirty years of age. He fought before many empty seats for his 15 years in the game. Then suddenly the fans took him into their hearts and Jack drew on at the eight largest crowds in Australia leaving hungry. Those crowds were drawn to his aggressive battles against the world's leading writers, and Jack won all three fights. Although never regarded with the affection that was accorded Patrick and Sands, Carroll, nevertheless, is an aged class, now.

Public sympathy made Joe Braddock and Jimmy Joe Wilson popular champions. Both came from the

heavily with him from the under-dogs in the betting, to crown the world heavyweight title. Neither was a great champion. Ray Robinson, though not liked so much personally, although he did many wonderful charitable acts, was admired for his ability and he basked on the legend class, and will be fully retained there in years to come.

Englishmen revered Bombardier Billy Wells and Freddie Mills when they were fighting. Wells was one of the clearest heavies of all time, but he could not take it and was labeled the "horrendous fighter" in U.S.A. Yet he was a real idol in Great Britain. Mills, who came from Great Britain, was always a hero in England. His brand of balking fighting typified the English spirit, perhaps that was the main factor in his popularity. Perhaps it was that he never suffered an excuse for a defeat and could joke about a losing he had just received. With popularity increased, in part, from the fact that he was such a brilliant boxer of the old English school. In part it stemmed from his sportsmanship.

There are reasons for popularity. A fighter with color, the indelible abstract, which you either like or hate, will always attract the crowds. His methods in the ring—sportsmanship—will make the crowd root according to, while his character and mode of living will decide his popularity. He can become an idol with color, good sportsmanship, clean living, modesty. But when does he become a legend? If he falls into that category after he retires, it could be because most people live in the past and remember the great affectionately. If he becomes a legend in his own time during his career, what then is the reason? What is that cause which moves him above the idol class? And in what class will Jimmy Carothers be years after his retirement?

FLIGHT *through* hell

CHARLES CRUIKSHANK



MacMillan and Molva decided to negotiate a 14-mile stretch on bad weather. It was a mistake.

THERE was great excitement in California on the morning of Saturday, August 18, 1933. The first race ever to attempt to fly round the World was due to take off from the Hugh Kerr, near the city, in three airplanes.

The men, Captains MacMillan and Molva, were flying a new, single-engine, Farney bi-plane, fitted with floats for the round-the-world attempt. They had left London some weeks before, and after an adventurous trip to California, were starting on the new leg—a 308 mile flight to Alaska.

Despite warnings of strong monsoons, and a looking post first in the Farney, the men decided to leave California on schedule. They agreed on being in the air no more than five hours, even with high headwinds. If they ran into trouble they said they would alter

course for Chetung, only 100 miles from California, but south of their intended course.

So right on time the two men climbed into their cockpit, waved to the California crowds, and slipped their coverings. The plane roared off down the river, climbed up over the roof tops of California, and headed off towards the Bay of Bengal.

Twenty-four hours passed and MacMillan and Molva had not reached Alaska. Nor had they landed at Chetung, their alternative port. No planes were available for an air search, so all ships were alerted. But by Monday night the portents looked hopeful.

Then, on Tuesday, just as the search was about to be abandoned, a telegram arrived at California. "Down east

An old Shakespearian city, who long ago was reduced to taking parts in broadcast prizefights, stopped a blind recently and explained that he had discovered the perfect storm bomb shelter. "It's my agent's office," he said. "There hasn't been any radio activity there for months."

nile south of Lakhadichien. All OK, now. Period short owing to heavy adverse winds. Advise Chittagong to keep a lookout for us from afternoon Tuesday. Living on milk supplied by natives in exchange for opium. Chemo- MacMillan and Mahina."

The fleet had run into very strong headwinds, which made them alter course to Chittagong. Then the moon soon lit them. Blinding rain beat into the open cockpit. The wind increased to a gale. Down to nearly sea-level, they were only 34 miles from Chittagong when they passed over a little island. Then, just as the island disappeared behind them in a squall of rain, the motor cut dead.

Not knowing what was wrong, Mac Millan, who was at the controls, swung the ferry down, and made a "hand-over, hand-over" approach to the landing wharf below. The ferry hit the top of a wave, slipped across two more, and smashed right into the next one.

Surprisingly the plane held together. MacMillan shouted to Mahina to get out on to the wing, and help steady the badly swaying machine. He

climbed out onto the other wing, and cursed on the auxiliary petrol supply. Expecting to be swamped at any moment he frantically swung the engine over. It fired once, then broke into a steady rain. They had only run out of petrol.

Refueled, the two fliers swung back into their cockpit. It was impossible to take off in the pounding sea, but with the motor going they moved back to the island. There they reentered the plane in the calmer shallows, and inspected the damage. One director had broken, but other than that no more trouble could be seen.

MacMillan found they had come down near a small native settlement called Lakhadichien. It was from here that they got food in exchange for opium, and persuaded a native to travel to the nearest telegraph office with their message to Calcutta.

On Tuesday the sea had calmed down enough for a take-off. So, the two airmen punched up the elevator, farewellled the natives, and took off for Chittagong, only 34 miles across the Bay of Bengal. The trip should not have taken more than half an hour, but for MacMillan and Mahina that last 34 miles was packed full of the most terrifying horror, that worse than in their round-the-world flight.

After they had been airborne for no more than 15 minutes the motor began to cough. Water must have reached the petrol, and the motor was losing power fast. The plane began to drop towards the sea. Reaching it was impossible to make Chittagong in the air. MacMillan put her down gently, and an off to land towards Chittagong, 13 miles away.

Soon the fliers saw the machine. But as they watched closely, began to form, and it disappeared behind a rain squall. The first gust of wind hit the plane. The water darkened, and whipped up under the influence of the rising wind. Then they were

right in the middle of another average monsoon.

Waves rolled down on to the little plane. The motor, already failing, began to rattle badly, shooting out flames and smoke. There, a wave, bigger than the others, hit head and the propeller was turned away.

Without propeller the motor continued up the rev. scale, shaking the whole machine with its mad vibration. Mac Millan quickly cut it dead, before it shook out of its mountings. The powerless ferry, with monsoon behind it, swept on to the open sea.

Through the night the fliers in open cockpit sat shivering from water to move as the wind and rain lashed down upon them.

In the first, half-light of morning the men noticed that the port float, which had been in bad shape before they left Calcutta, was making waves. The ferry was starting to list. In an attempt to keep it upright, Mahina crawled out on to the starboard wing-rip. But soon the list got worse, and MacMillan had to join him.

For hours they sat out on the wing. But it was obvious that the plane would eventually capsize. Another hour passed, and it began to settle by the stern. MacMillan moved, and stood on the tip of the starboard float as an effort to balance it.

Then a great shudder went through the whole machine. It rolled right over, throwing both men into the water.

Only the bottoms of the floats were above water now. A few feet long, and less than three feet wide, they had a footrest of no more than eight inches at their highest part, and curved down into the water at both ends. Up on to these the fliers scrambled. They were small security in the middle of the short-crested Bay of Bengal, but the sea had quietened, and the men were safe for the time being.

There was no food or water, and no shelter from the hot tropical sun. Mac-

Millan had lost his shoes and socks when the plane tumbled over, and his feet were beginning to blister. All day the two men lay on the up-turned floats as the ferry rose up and down as the swell, drifting with the tide.

Towards evening Mahina sighted land about a mile away. Partially the two men stopped, determined to swim. But, across the Bay came two dark shapes, carrying the water with them. Then slowly, two thunderhead clouds began to darken the plane.

MacMillan looked at Mahina. His mouth he shook his head. Neither could speak. They watched the receding shoreland hopelessly, as the tide raised, and swept the ferry back to the open sea.

It was now Wednesday evening. The fliers had been adrift in the Bay for over 36 hours.

Eventually, packed by chance and hunger, the two men clung to the protruding float all night. As dawn they noticed the tail of the ferry had come to the surface. It was floating at an angle that indicated the bulk of the plane was broken. Pieces of wood and debris were drifting about in the sea beside them. The machine was beginning to disintegrate fast.

Once again the tide stirred them in towards land. It was only a mile away, but they could not have based a chance in the dangerous sea about them. All they could do was sit and watch it drift away again, as the tide ebbled.

This time a tide rip developed. For twenty minutes the water boiled and churned, spinning the plane round, towing it at, and breaking it up. Then, as suddenly as it started, the tide rip stopped. They were still afloat, although the plane was sinking lower in the water.

Suddenly MacMillan saw a sail. Reaching into the water he clutched a piece of canvas. His blistered feet gave, he struggled up, and began

to move the canoe. Malina tried to rise, and slipped. He did not get overboard, but left his leg open on the sharp edge of the float. Creaking on the float he watched in pain while MacMillan kept on rowing.

Splashing with pain from his blistered foot, MacMillan stood there. Malina, although still in agony, began to splash water up to MacMillan's feet to soothe them. The boat kept on rowing. It got within a few hundred yards. They could see men on the deck, but it turned away and disappeared.

The two men, now in the last stages of exhaustion and disappointment, fell down on the float, slapping their faces by instinct rather than by any real thought of what they were doing. All day they drifted on a sea that was now like glass. Their clothes were no barriers, and the blinding heat seeped through to the tender skin of their bodies, burning and blistering it.

MacMillan's feet were in a shocking state, and Malina's leg could not be moved without retreating agony. The man had seeped into the open wound, and he was weak from pain and loss of blood. Ahead of them still the line of waiting sharks. Beneath them the remains of the battered ferry floated and drifted, slowly breaking away, hour by hour.

As evening approached it got colder. The sharks disappeared and MacMillan reached over the side to splash his face with water. As he did so his eye caught a spot beside the float. The water was streaming around it. For a few minutes he looked; his tired brain could not grasp what was happening. Then he realized. The ferry was not going with the current. It was standing still.

Bracing himself on one elbow MacMillan now laid a few hundred yards away. Weakly he sat up, and began to splash himself with water, trying to regain his strength. He knew this was the last chance of survival they'd

get. They would never find another night at sea. Their only hope lay in getting the float free from the ground of plants, and paddling it ashore, before the tide turned, and carried them away.

Finally MacMillan saved himself into the water. His foot seeped hot tears, and he began to work on freeing the float. Malina could not help. His leg was too sore, and after ten minutes MacMillan realized his own strength was expended too far to get the float away.

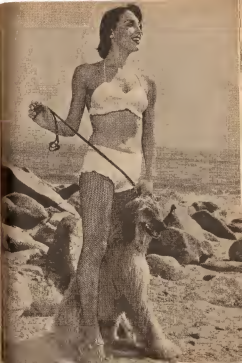
This looked like the end. He doubted if he had the strength to get back on the float, let alone swim to the shore. But suddenly there was a movement above him. Malina was trying to rise. His face contorted with pain, Malina waved.

Following his gaze MacMillan saw a motor launch. It was only a few hundred yards away, and coming up fast.

The men were too weak to speak as they were lifted aboard the launch. It was the Chingong Harbour Master's vessel. He was having one last look before abandoning the search. In another 25 minutes darkness would have prevented him sighting them, and it had been decided to cease the organized searching after Thursday night.

In hospital at Chingong MacMillan and Malina told the story of their horrifying six day trip from Calcutta. In the short 160 miles they had been marooned for three days on an island with natives, and spent three days and two nights drifting back and forth in a sea mile strip of the Bay of Bengal, only a few miles from their destination, while searching craft scoured the whole area.

The ferry was a coal barge, and MacMillan and Malina had to abandon their attempts to fly around the world. They returned to England still with a burning ambition to make a flight around the globe.



SNAKE CHARMERS OF THE ORIENT

IVOR EHRINGTON

They sometimes play the pipes with a wild rhythmic air. Slowly the snakes awaken and raise their heads . . .

"SAMUEL, tell the snake charmer to come this afternoon." Such was my instruction to our head boy on frequent occasions when we were living in Colombo and friends from Australia were on a brief stay in port on their way to or returning from Europe.

Shortly after lunch the old snake charmer with his two assistants would arrive, squat on the ground at the foot of the verandah steps and give us an intriguing exhibition of the influence they and their curious music have over these reptile reptiles.

A display of "snake charming" by Orientalists seems to have a great attraction for travellers visiting the East for the first time, both those who regard with terror and fear these loathsome poisonous creatures and those who admire the gracefulness and the strange beauty of the wonderfully patterned and coloured bodies as they sway to the rhythm of the charmer's pipes.

The snake charmer in India and Ceylon has usually inherited his knowledge and skill; it is a hereditary trade of down from father to son; it is simply his job, his livelihood. But this is really counterbalancing a very ancient mystic cult, a "religion" of weird, dark mystery which has had its followers over many centuries in various countries of both the eastern and western worlds.

In the west "snake worship" was to some degree practiced by the ancient Greeks, and is attested to a much greater extent among the then highly-civilized peoples of Central America; the huge Aztec temples in Mexico have decorations composed of thousands of sculptured snakes in various countries, especially Egypt, India and Ceylon, snake worship has been prevalent and the cobra (*Coluber de Capella*, *Naga* in Sanskrit) one of the most venerated and spontaneous of serpents, has been the chief object of veneration.

Snake worship in the east seems to be a cult or ritual of unknown mystery and influence among its followers, a debated sort of religion never much understood by the white man who sees only the showman's presentation of it. Certain sects among the Brahmans of South India regard the cobra and other venomous snakes with a religious awe; they never kill them under any circumstances and in some of their temples snakes are kept and regularly fed, generally with eggs.

The famous Snake Temple in the island of Penang has a numerous collection of poisonous serpents, very large ones are kept in wire troughs in the temple grounds while in the halls of the building the many snakes coiled around the stems of small dead trees stuck in large cauldrons.

Amateurs arrive anxious to handle these "holy" snakes without harm but, from the strong scent of burning spices and incense in the close atmosphere of the temple, it is probable that the reptiles are quite stupefied and lethargic.

In Egypt early snake worship is recorded in many ancient temples, and at the great entrance to the famous temple of Amen Ra at Karnak are two enormous pillars formed of finely carved stone columns.

Today in Ceylon as to be seen many relics of some form of ancient snake worship in aboriginal stone sculpt-

ures and carvings in natural rock.

A place I always liked visiting in Ceylon is Mihintale, a solitary mountain surrounded by jungle, which is one of the holiest spots in the world and a great Buddhist pilgrimage centre, formerly having many temples, monasteries and other buildings. Today it is in ruins and grown over by jungle growth. It is a good hazy ground. High up on the mountain side is a deep bathing pool hewn out of the solid rock in ancient days—it is called Maha Pokuna, the snake bathing pool. This pool is 150 feet long, deep and slender-looking with its dark green, icy cold water the one side is overhanging rock and on its smooth surface is carried in high relief an immense five-headed cobra, each head up-raised with its hood erect and expanded as if ready to strike.

This great snake carving was made by the Sinhalese soon after the introduction of the Buddhist religion into Ceylon (five hundred years before Christ), so snake worship was connected with the old religion of the Sinhalese.

Remembering an Atlantic oceanic case, I arrived at the snake pool, after climbing for many hours in the terribly hot, moist atmosphere of the tropical jungle. I thought a cooling swim would be delightful, an impossible dip is the real worst; but the sight of that massive cobra on the rock facing me and the thought that venomous warm snakes might be lurking in the depths of the pool proved too suggestive. I did not have that swim!

My snake charmer was standing at the foot of our verandah steps, politely welcoming to our Australian visitors and ready to show off his pun. I smiled. I had known the old fellow a long time and he had always been ready to perform for us. He was a much-travelled, widely-experienced fellow, whose age was indeterminate.



but I would say he would be in his nineties.

As I looked at him my mind went back over the story he had told me. He had been born somewhere in the North-West of India (as was not sure exactly where), and he had served as the British Indian Army as a young man. He had served during the Boer War. He had been arrested by Lord Roberts when that famous Field Marshal had been a volunteer in the Indian Army.

In his collection of documents, which included statements police inspectors and other odds and ends, the old snake charmer had an old cracked paper, much handled and discoloured—this "document" he called it—a single sheet bearing the remarkable name and signed by Roberts, his former Sultan.

What he did after leaving the Army, I do not know, but he was rather old when he became a snake charmer. In this business he had engaged a couple of assistants and, together they had made their way through India to Colombia, where they had settled.

Once, in conversation, he told me that there were wonderful fairs in his country with beautiful "real and paid" he in the winter. As we were due to go to England before long I asked him to get me three good ones to show, and gave him the money. He sent me the palm leaves on horse back up to the north-west of India. They were really fine. I dispatched them to London with instructions to have the better snake show up and send them to Port Said to await me abroad there. It was very odd when we reached England and my wife was very glad to have the fair. They were a pleasant reminder of the old snake charmer.

As I watched the old man take out his pipe, I admired the skillfully bearing. I once more noticed his face full of character, with its deep-set, gleaming eyes of hypnotic

studious. I noted his clipped nose, thick and stiff, bushy-back beard. He must have been a fine man in his youth. A voluminous tunic with a large silver front-buckle decorated his dignified appearance. His other accessories included a fine necklace of amber, a heavy gold bangle on his right wrist and a twisted snake ring on his little finger. The instrument he used in his snake charming was a large, ornately decorated pipe. The snakes were coiled around in circular waves behind.

The act itself is very interesting. Squatting on the ground the charmer goes into his ritual. He and his two assistants take off the covers of the baskets to show the various snakes apparently sleeping within. They make weird incantations and converse playing the pipes with a weird rhythmical air accompanied by the thrashing beats of the con-tom.

Slowly the snakes awaken, raise their heads, apparently attracted by the shrill notes of the pipe. The beautifully marked cobra expands its head showing the peculiar spectacles resting on the head and continually showing out his forked tongue. He moves to and fro in the rhythm of the music and follows the movements of the charmer's hands, his eyes all the time on the man.

The other reptiles include a 6 foot long young python which is not poisonous, and the very venomous "m. palangus" or Russell viper, very deadly by snakes and indigenous only in Ceylon. All these are fairly handled, almost contemptuously, by the three performers. They warned one of our visitors to have the python coiled around his neck for a souvenir photo! But he wouldn't be at it. The python can be no doubt periodically contained. There was one charmer in Colombia who formerly used to take his snakes and display them to passengers on board boats at the port, he had

probably suffered recently before his last performance to contract the venous bug. Startled by the loud whistle of a launch the cobra struck the charmer on the hand, and he died that day but snake charmers rarely suffer from these pests.

The old man once informed me that when catching a wild snake it was necessary to charm and influence it by certain weird incantations which induce and quieten it and then it could be handled without harm. Snake charmers in Ceylon who say that, using certain quotations from the Koran which, they say, control the snakes and give the charmer power over them, and that once under their sub-control they will never bite the man.

When the snakes bite, the people like large go into the snake's flesh

and at the same time the venom is spotted down the mouth into the blood. Death from the poison of a cobra or Russell's viper is rapid for it paralyzes the nerves and produces heart failure.

The charmers have certain reputed cures for snake bite, if used in time. A dash given somewhat porous space is used to control the poisoned blood, while some plant roots, including one of the arrowwoods, are claimed to be efficacious cures.

With all the precautions and their both the snake charmers can control the reptiles without fear. The snakes wound, almost domestic, and after a period of several minutes, the wound usually heals in a whisper and the snakes are returned to their baskets, where they sleep until the next performance.



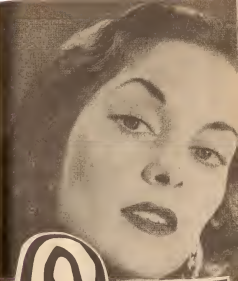
"Bake", I worship the ground you walk on . . ."

patterns of pulchritude

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patterns of pulchritude



Ghost In the Gallery

It was almost as if he were something out of this world — an ordinary mortal could vanish into thin air!



F I C T I O N

JOSEPH COWANINGS

THAT afternoon Linda Corvex possessed her husband. She possessed him with ardor.

At an afternoon, it was a rainy, dreary one in late autumn. The downpour made the Honeywell Art-Gallery gleam in the wet like a dark green marble tomb.

Linda Corvex humbled inside with a thrilling heat right past Mr. Thomas the front door attendant. Mr.

Thomas stepped talking to the new boy with his sudden bundle of papers and moved into the gleamy wetter after her.

She was wearing a black pleated raincoat and Thomas knew her folded, dripping transparent umbrella was spotted in her pale hand. Later when Senator Tanager was investigating the murder, he described her as having a fascinating frame and a head

full of brown follow-necked curls. Her eyes, as long as an Egyptian queen's, shined with light.

Borden Argill was waiting for her on their usual nook. He was an avuncular artist with artistic shell glasses and a scrubbed face. But he was young. That was all that mattered to Linda.

When she saw him she went to pains emotionally. He raised his arms too slowly as she rushed into them and she caught him full on the narrow chest, almost knocking him backward into the Third Dynasty vase.

"I killed him!" she sobbed. "I'm not of him, Borden! I did! I did!"

He patted her head around to see if anybody was within earshot. There was no one else there at all. At that moment he was as near to panic as he had ever been in his life.

It had all started eight months ago when Linda married DeWitt Corvex.

The marriage was the culmination of a long romance that began in the weeks long months before. It had been a gay day when they'd wed. The clerk and the de- had had the same un- natural, larid glow on the day they had met. And Linda, out for a Sunday stroll, was lost. A man appeared suddenly on the path. The wild wind in the trees seemed to shriek and try to warn her.

The man showed her the way back to the bus lane. As they walked, they talked. Linda became intrigued by DeWitt Corvex. There was not too great a difference between their ages. He looked about forty and she was twenty three. And he had money, he knew he had Wall Street by the nose. When others failed, he began rather. He had numerous drive.

He married her.

There were whisperings about Corvex. Whispers about his connection with ungrateful things that went on behind certain closed doors in Washington Square. Things that

had to do with executives and vast power. Some people even went so far as to say that Linda had married Luck for himself.

During the last three months Linda had repeatedly and unconsciously fled to someone "more human"—Borden Argill. She had been introduced to Argill by Corvex himself. Argill, a business workman with the brain, had been using Corvex as a subject in one of his art works called "Borden in the Supremacy". Aside from going with another man's wife, making a call-lish and watching pictures, Argill had few vices.

Now in the dim, dreary gallery he tried to console Linda. He by her, she told him about the moon meal and the two grains of arsenic in the walls and how she had hurried out of the house after she'd seen him drink at the cocktail without his death agony.

"He was a maniac," murmured Argill. "I realize that now." The tilted of the man on the stained glass window blessed those voices. But, nevertheless, what shall we do? The police will find—" The tarnished look on her face at the remark of police made him hesitate.

Neither of them wanted to think about police. And they clung to each other, quivering with apprehension in the long shadowy gallery.

Someone was walking toward them. Walking with a slow, tantalizing, delicious tread. They both turned their heads in that direction to see who was coming.

Out of the summing grey light leaped a man in a dark suit. A tall, thin mouth was drawn back, exposing sharp animal teeth in a cruel grin.

Linda made a sound as if she'd been struck.

Argill gasped, "Corvex!" "My dear voice wife"—the voice sounded apologetic — "murmured me this noon. Do you believe in ghosts, Argill?"

Argyll was loud coloured. But he took his ground. "No damn you! You're alive!"

"Follow me and see—if you dare!" came the taunt.

The apparition wheeled and went back rapidly the way he had come.

Linda stared afterly at Argyll then I sighed—"

He reached for her hand. "No, you didn't poison him. Come on. We'll do his turn."

Oh no Gordon. No. He's up to something terrible. You don't know him as I do.

"We'll be careful," he urged.

They slipped off silently, trailing Curwen to the first alcove of the decorated gallery. As they turned the corner, they saw the sliding doors swinging with the shadows a good distance ahead.

The whole building was deadly still save for their footstep, their quick breathing, and the steady rain.

The main ahead had whirled around the next corner. They heard his door slam back into a sharp rattle. They heard the opening and closing of a glass door.

On the wall near them a small sign with gilt lettering and in arrow and decorative flourish.

Argyll drove cautiously to the turn around which Curwen had vanished. Linda pointed on his collar. They talked.

NOW they could see down the next wide hall and across it as far as the first office door, which was marked "Yankees. It was diagonally fifteen feet from the corner where they stood. The closed door was, except for its wooden frame, sheer glass pan. They could look clearly into the room.

They saw a lighted floor lamp set to the left and over. Standing beside the lamp, pointing out at them, was Curwen. They saw him reach out his arm and yank the lamp chain. The

room and the hall became one vast shadow.

Argyll fumbled for a box of wooden matches and struck one. He took a soap covered the "Yankees" office door.

Linda caught him extraneously by the arm. "No, indeed! Don't go in!"

"Please, Linda!" he snapped, nerve ragged. "Let's get this nonsense over with."

She let go. Like a wall of the soap, he crossed the space in a half dozen strides. The darkness rattled heavily in his fingers and he swung the door open.

"Don't come in, Linda," he warned her over his shoulder.

The same month as her hand was still hanging when he groped for the lamp chain. His hand brushed against the bulb. It was warm. He feared the chain and pulled it. Hanging over the raised black switch stamp, he swung around. His arm was upraised, half protectively.

He saw Linda standing squarely in the office doorway. He saw—what? Linda?

Curwen had trooped with the turn out of the light.

Then Linda's snapping intake of breath made the short hairs at the nape of Argyll's neck bristle. He peered around the edge of a maple desk, to where she was pointing.

A girl's body was spotted there. Her skull had been crushed with one blow of the silver automatic that was lying by her. The mattress was an iron disk and its long neck made an official handle.

You could almost hear the thump of their hearts in the still room. Argyll recognized whose body it was. "Phyllis Kensington?"

"You mean?"

He touched the girl's hand. It was warm and limp. She had just been killed.

Linda heard a movement in the hall behind her. She made one startled

leap to Argyll's side. They turned.

In the doorway appeared a tall, pale man with a baldish head and gleaming eyeglasses on a wide black ribbon. He wore striped pants and what Senator Hammer called a "sultan-to-prayer coat. As he stood there poised, his legs bent backward at the knees. His address. He was George Honeywell, founder and director of the Galleries. He wrinkled forehead and proclaimed that he was a weaver and his chief worry was for more money for the upkeep of the Galleries.

He uttered "Mrs. Curwen. What ever has happened to you? You're as pale as a—"

"My husband!" she blurted on the verge of hysteria. "He's dead! He was just in here! He killed Phyllis!"

"Good Lord, no!" Honeywell's jaw fell slack as he hurried to their side at the desk. He looked down, then away, fidgeting his trembling lip. "What a loss! She was such a beautiful girl. A little dangerous perhaps, but—Where is Curwen?"

"He disappeared," said Argyll. "I know it sounds incredible but he crushed me then or before I could get in. Maybe you've seen him?"

"No!" said Honeywell. "Lord, no. I've been in the other office across the hall ever since coming back from a brief lesson. Nobody came my way."

They looked around the square room. There were no windows. It was air-conditioned. The door was the only opening.

Argyll's eyes ran to the nearly life-size painting hanging flush with the back wall. It was one of his own recent works. It was a nearly realistic subject called "Honeywell and Phyllis. In the shaggy face of the young weaver, with its prominent nose and lower eyelids, no one could fail to recognize DeWitt Curwen.

Argyll had used Curwen and Phyllis Kensington in his models.

Honeywell shook Argyll like a wet

pony. "Wait for me at the Seven South Century Gallery while I phone the police," he said. "We've got to work together."

IT WAS hours after the discovery of the murder. Linda and Honeywell huddled outside the phone booth in the drugstore while Argyll, inside, dialed.

Argyll, half listening to the beam in the room, was saying to them, "While Senator Hammer was writing to me and I made of him during his last political campaign, he talked a blue streak about impossible murders. He must have cared so least four cases he's solved where a person like a room swarms through a watched door. The answer to such one was a single magic trick. There was nothing supernatural about it."

Linda said impulsively, "DeWitt is capable of anything and anything."

Argyll spoke into the phone.

"Detective Mr. Montgomery Brown. I want to speak to Senator Hammer to be home?"

The neighborhood girl said, "No, he isn't in. Have you tried the Sphinx Club? He's probably playing bridge there, or pulling rabbits out of hats. That's out of his night."

Argyll called the Sphinx Club on Fifth Avenue. The desk clerk said, "He hasn't been in tonight, or he may be hanging away at day gone at the shooting gallery on Broadway and Third Street. That's out of his haunts."

Argyll called the shooting gallery. A heavy voice said, "The Senator! He looked in while noon and said something about 'guy' to a bowling alley." The voice broke off while someone in the background did some sneezing. Then the heavy voice resumed. "Get paid! You'll catch him at Shell's Offroad Parlor player's machine!"

United States Senator Brooks U.

Banner could not have been more at home in Stella Wilford Parker if they had built the place around him. One at hand, he was handling his gun over a good table, making the fry out of the balls. The calls of his papermen-scoped them were looked up and his and Horacio's squeakers made a biting criticism on a back as wide as a cement sidewalk.

He was playing a fine, dark, nervous man with eyes like a black snake's. The dark man apparently choked a few reaching Banner.

Argyll took dropping off his hat linen, led Linda and Honeywell through the smoking and chatter at the pool room. Some of the men whistled approval at Linda and that made Banner abandon the game for a moment to turn around for a look-see.

Linda got the full impact of his blue watercolored eyes. He knew that to her he looked like a severely exchanged who enjoyed conversing with blackguards. He was a King Kong in size with a mop of grained hair and black-lashed eyebrows. His strong, big leagued groin, as if it had melted to his soap. And it had.

Banner's eyes stabilized away from her and at the others. "Wonder Argyll? He held out a palm the size of a workman's. "Horacio, pains shifter? There're all the paragraphs?"

"Argyll shook Linda and introduced her companion. "We came to see you, Senator," he said hesitantly, "before the murder."

Banner shuffled with interest, like a performing lion. "What murder?" Linda started to sip. "The ghost in the gallery?"

"Jumping hop heads! That one! I read the headlines! That's all I looked at. War'd I finish all this game?"

Bravely colling his shirt, he pocketed an ace red ball, then a pool ball. His dark opponent stopped chaffing his ear Banner pocketed another red ball, another pool ball. The dark man, dis-

gusted, put his ear back on the rack. His tongue's there to look at one while as the last ball rolled out of sight.

Banner won his bag (ouch and counted his winnings, a sheet of red and all it's more. Then he struggled on to his unique frank coat and grunted.

"He doesn't know. He's an international pool shark. We'll all go to the Sphinx Club. You're my guess. I want to feed the elephant—meeting yours may. Then we'll talk about the murder."

BANNER, waving at everybody, selected a table in the centre of the dining room. He ordered one of his favorite rare Spencer steaks and a couple of black coffee. "Make the dinner a phobos marriage pie?"

The others said they had already dined at the restaurant that they ordered dinner. Banner attacked his food as if it were Irish dinner, but the whole meal was small steaks, salad his young house smeared a whole potato with butter, and baked everything under a volcanic eruption of grease.

Argyll cleared his throat. "We three have been together ever since we discovered the murder."

Banner lifted a plumbed fork to his mouth. Red rose that never had. I'm going to quit murder in a game of cross questions and crooked answers. First off, up what order did you people go into the gallery?"

Honeywell said, "McPherson, the man at the front door, tells us that I was the first man in this afternoon, then came Phyllis Kensington, the dead girl, then Carver, then Argyll and finally Mrs. Carver."

Linda clutched Argyll's arm. "Do you know about our meetings?" she seemed as if she were just finding that out.

"We didn't try to hide it very well," said Argyll.

Banner kept his eyes on Linda. "You

don't act like a native New Yorker," he growled. "Where'd you had from?"

"Pawpaw, Rhode Island."

"What'd you do before you married Carver?"

"I was a dancing teacher."

Banner brightened. "Can you do the Mambo dance?" She looked at him drowsy faced. Banner crooned "If you can, don't be bashful about teaching us."

"This is rather the time for the place for teaching like that," she said heavily. "I want to tell you what kind of man my husband was—oh, I don't know. Once I killed him in bed!" she ended in a whinger.

"He's not dead," said Argyll stiffly. "We saw and heard him."

All right, the mad, trying to convince herself. "He's not dead! But he might easily be. I don't know—it's all so puzzling so mysterious!" She pointed out and shuddered at the warm comfortable dining room. "Goodness, how old would you say DeWitt is?"

"About forty," said Argyll without hesitation.

He looks forty," she whispered. "But he has an old little with a racial drag. He always keeps the clamp locked. I'll never see him open at. He told me to keep my hand off it. The other day I broke open the clamp. His teeth came in on the fly. He's fifty-one years old!"

The cluster of fishes seemed for away. Continued again the Dark Ages yanked again for an instant and they seemed to heat a than, tortured cry of "Wardrobe!"

Argyll put his hand on Linda's for a moment to calm her. Then he drained his whiskey glass to steady himself. Honeywell sat poised (lips, furnished. Banner covered up a bump with his nervous to his leg.

She went on. "I'll never forget the first day of our married life when I slipped into his red suede apron, saw it has crimson curtains and black draper and brass ornamental

groups. The place always reeks of incense. It doesn't seem real. It doesn't seem as if these things could happen in New York."

"I was trained. He said, Phyllis will be there. She'll act as assistant—my parlor-room analyst." His animal teeth seemed to grow longer as he gazed at her. I was away from him and looked myself in my mirror. He called through the door that if I want of him I would merely have to draw a paragraph—a framed figure-in-chalk on the black oak floor and he would reappear. And then there were other things, like the books about ourselves in his library. And the landscape of human skin. Today—her words assembled—I wanted to finish with her. I made a road for him and put five grains of arsenic in his milk. I saw how pale it was he didn't die! He's—how the devil!"

BANNER, thoughtfully sipped his coffee with the spoon standing on the cup and almost poking him on the eye. Another of his humors. He said, "Three grains would kill an adult. Where'd you get the arsenic? By looking Pygmalion?"

"No, no I found it in his medicine cabinet."

"Mebbe it wasn't arsenic." "I was, Senator. My friend had told us her husband. I tried it on them. They died."

Honeywell stifled and spoke with a frog in his throat. "Only Sybilish could vent the way for die!"

"I want to hear about that," said Banner.

Argyll told the story up to the time he started for the blackened glass door with the match. Basking in his hand.

"Now when right there?" Banner asked him. "Could Carver have thrown the coop in the instant of complete darkness before you struck the match?"

"No," said Argyll positively. "There

glass doors make a noise when you open and close them. Aside from that, the doorknobs make noise when you turn it. He had no time to do so silently and we never heard a sound."

"All right, so he was tall on the moon as you barged in."

"Angyll said, 'I touched the light bulb. It was warm.'"

"The light had just been turned out. Did he struggle out the door before you lit the floor lamp again?"

"Linda said, 'I was in the doorway, the cookies' have got out without crowding me. Besides, I could see the whole moon vaguely. There was also someone from Gordon's couch.'"

"No other exits but the door?"

"None, said Honeywell checking in."

"No plane in the room to hide?"

"Angyll shook his head."

"Barrett frowned at the three of them in turn. "Against which wall is the lamp?"

"To the left and near as you go into the office."

"And that's the only wall on position of wall, that you can see when you stand at the foot of the corridor?"

"Yes," said Honeywell.

"Can you swear it?" asked Linda hesitantly.

"Can you?" countered Barrett.

"She will do in a little while."

"Barrett said, 'You just another Boston American? What you people have done is landed me a lesson on a trip.'"

"Forget about Carrow for a minute. I'm here on needles. His answer: a good word for Phyllis?"

"Honeywell looked sideways at Linda. 'Mrs. Carrow,' he said enthusiastically, 'there are unpleasant things that I'm aware of that have to come out now. I happen to know that Phyllis and Carrow were in love before he was and you.'"

"The old billy goes," chuckled Barrett.

"Linda kept her eyes on the talker's face."

"Linda kept her eyes on the talker's face."

"Honeywell continued. 'They'd been in love for several years. Then Carrow quit her abruptly to marry you. Phyllis pretended to take it as a woman of the world should, but in her heart I know she was pained and embittered the work her death at Carrow. She strided him with criticism. She told him for huge sums of money under the threat of telling you about him.'"

"Angyll frowned. 'That's why Carrow killed Phyllis. That's the motive.'"

"Sounds possible," agreed Barrett.

"Going back to Carrow, let's grant that he got out of the moon without carrying too much on the face of it. Did he get out of the Collector?"

"No," said Linda.

"Yes," said Honeywell.

"Which is it?"

"I've told the story in proper sequence," said Angyll. "Linda and I worked at the Scientific Company before for Honeywell to join us after he'd pleased the police."

"Linda interrupted. 'Then I heard something so strange. Remember I told you, Barrett?'"

"Angyll frowned doubtfully. 'I'm not sure.'"


"I am," she said. "It was a rapid clicking sound—a whirring—like a window blind being pulled down."

"A window blind?" Barrett joggled his hairy black eyebrows.

"That's never any on the whole-looking," said Honeywell.

"No," said Angyll, shaking his head. "He looked at Linda as if to tell her to stop being so silly."


"Honeywell continued, 'I joined Mrs. Carrow and Angyll after I'd phoned for the police. We must stick together,' I said. And we did. We went first to the back door of the building. It was locked from the inside the way it generally is. The only other door is the front. We went there and found the door attendant, old McPadden, talking to a secretary. Both of them were



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don't know—use anyone else, for that matter—had not gone out that way.”

The window, suggested Banner, All of them hanged round it and Honeyswell promptly. “No one can use them to get in or out without setting off an alarm. Before the police came we made a hurry but thorough tour of the whole building. It's a fairly easy place to search. Nothing but paintings and small art objects. Canvas was not in the building.”

But, chorused Banner, “I know where he's hiding!”

“Where?” cried all three at once. “In a wall of canvas!”

Honeyswell sighed with disappointment and shook his head. “There's no canvas in the Galleries.”

Banner's ready face was wry. “We always wanted to get on a case where somebody had in a nest of canvas. No such luck. He started packing his teeth reluctantly with a canvas-bag backpack, on the end of a tarnished silver chain.

Honeyswell said, “There we were up against it. Canvas had not only escaped from the room when he turned out the light—he disappeared bodily from the entire Galleries!”

“Did the police hunt for him when they came?”

They certainly did. They looked into everything that could conceal a law-breaker.

“Yes, yes,” Banner leaned back and gulped a cigar into his mouth. He didn't light it. He never did. He growled at “Canvas committed the murder then decided. There the

picture.” He looked awfully at Linda. “Do you think you'd melt, sugar, if you went out in the rain again with wet? Of course not.”

Linda nervously looked at her pointed. Honeyswell said, “Where are you going?”

“To the Galleries. All of us.” “At this time of night?” said Aggill, shocked.

“We go on inside our last visit to finding Canvas and dogging out how he escaped.” He started to look around for his white mangrove hat and finally discovered that he was sitting on it. He perched it back onto shape.

“I wonder,” he mused, “if I oughtn't take some chalk with me to draw a post-mortem. Maybe it'd help us determine him.”

A POLICEMAN in a gleaming policeman had replaced McPherson at the front door. He showed a heavy duty flashlight in their eyes, then Banner showed him his special white-colored police card.

The policeman led them into the Galleries.

Banner said to them, “That's Canvas, the cop who shot it out last night with Four Finger Flanagan the vice cop.”

They stood dripping in the dark even hall and Honeyswell found a switch and threw it, lighting their way. Their heads rang empty on the cold bare marble.

First, Banner had a look into the Trustees' office, whence Canvas had vanished. He passed by the floor lamp and had Aggill and Linda go on to

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the corner of the corridor. Then he had Argyle stand by the lamp and went out to the mirror himself for a look.

He turned back. "See anything wrong with it, Argyle?"

"No, Benner," said Argyle.

"That's the trouble. That's what's going on the wrongest manner."

He led the way to the Directors' office. He was fifteen feet farther down the corridor, across from the "Trusted" office.

The furnishings were similar to the first office, but arranged differently. The floor lamp in here was deep on the right.

Benner said, "That's where you was, Honeywell, when it all happened?"

"Yes," said Honeywell.

"Here in the dark?"

"Right."

"Linda and Argyle say that when Carver turned out the light in the other room the whole corridor went dark. This room has a plain glass door too. If your light was on, it would be turned out."

"Of course it wasn't on," said Honeywell, a trifle pettishly. "As I told them, I'd had a jawe lesson hit in the morning. And I was lying on this studio couch — he pointed — rearing. I wasn't asleep, just relaxing back on the deck."

"Carver never disturbed you."

"Not today."

Benner stopped to Honeywell's desk. There were a variety of objects on it. Benner began to toy with some coloured glass squares. "What're these and for?"

"They're stereoscopic slides for our magic lantern," said Honeywell. "These you're handling are pictures of Gladys pottery."

"Magic lantern?" said Benner. "Then you have a movie theatre?"

"You can call it that. Very small one."

"Is it located into the Seawanhaw Conservatory Gardens?"

"Close to it," said Honeywell, his eyes twinkled together over his bifocals. A sigh came.

"We'll go there."

They filed slowly into the miniature theatre. Looking down over the slope of seat backs, they saw the screen. It was pulled down.

Benner added to it. It hung about seven inches out from the wall. He grasped the lower edge and gave it a sharp jerk, then released it. It seemed to roll itself up rapidly on a spring.

As it went up it made a rapid click, snap sound—a whirring—like a window blind.

And they saw a man with a face like Ben's.

He was hanging there. But he was dead. His neck was a neck. The rope ran up over a hook, then down again to be fastened at the base behind. All covered by the screen.

Sweet Marguerite! granted Ben, too. "What d'you think of that?"

Linda put her hands up to her face in that cast the night.

"We never thought of looking—there," murmured Honeywell.

"Neither did anyone else," said Ben too. "You were looking for a few runs. Not one hanging. And the screen looked innocently close to the wall. Only about eleven inches clearance, but you'd be surprised how little space you take up hanging that way. We've all been there. Something else we obtain today too. I'll tell you how. Honeywell, slip out and fetch Linda, the cap on guard."

Honeywell didn't slip out. He plucked.

"But how, Benner?" pleaded Linda.

"How has he been able to do all that?"

"You wondered," said Benner slowly, "why you didn't kill him when you discovered his trick with the game of anemic. You've heard of men taking more than their without it. Handling them, haven't you?"

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"Ahhhh!" cried Argyll "Of course!" Banner nodded. "You Wan your husband in record as ever having a skin disease, Linda?"

A skin disease? Oh yes. He once mentioned having had pemphigus. But he was cured long ago."

"Oh sure. The father's tale. The cure is obvious. That started him off. Another thing. A severe pain the youthful bloom in your cheeks. Does that answer another question?"

Linda smiled. "That's why he looked so young."

"You still harbored," muttered Argyll. "How?"

Montywell returned with Copas. Seeing the hanging corpse, Copas crossed himself religiously and exclaimed, "Tis the first husband!"

Banner nodded. "No just a poor sap with back teeth." He lifted his voice. "Linda finish. Ready for the verdict? I told you something else was obvious. It's an obtuse angle. Every schoolboy knows that the angle of reflection is equal to the angle of incidence."

"What are you talking about?" said Linda irritably. She stubbornly kept her eyes away from the wall.

"Ever notice what you see when you look in a mirror?"

Argyll answered. "My reflection, of course."

"Is a mirror?"

"Naturally."

"No it isn't," said Banner. "When you move your right hand, the left hand on the mirror moves. It's completely the reverse."

"I see what you mean," said Argyll. "But how does that apply?"

"When you stand at the corner of the corridor," said Banner, "and look toward the door through which you last saw Copas, an obtuse angle is formed. It's fifteen feet from you to the Treasurer's door. And then the line stretches off that door to go another oblique fifteen feet to the Director's door across the hall. The floor lamp in the Treasurer's office, you read, is deep on the left. The floor lamp in the Director's office is deep on the right. But if you saw a reflection of the Director's office in a mirror, the lamp is to be to the left and immediately by the way it is in the Treasurer's office."

"You can't mean that what we saw was—" Argyll started to blurt.

Copas was never in the Treasurer's office! He vanished, because he was never there. It was the floor lamp in the Director's office that he turned on! What you saw was his reflection on the glass door, made into a perfect mirror with a black room behind it. The way you can often see passers-by up ahead in the mirror on whom you look out a train window at night."

He turned suddenly with a groan of exasperation. "Montywell, you lead!"

"My God!" said Montywell gloomily. "You're not assuming risk of being in danger with that devil!"

BANNER nodded. "Worse than that, Montywell. You killed Phyllis. You know too much about her blackmailing of Greenwood to have a whole

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How can you sit still there, Darling's nerves screamed, playing poker? Any minute a man will walk into a trap — a man that we must kill!

O'Connor said, "I'll take three."

He shifted those and picked up the replacements that Darling flipped off the deck. Hanging on his chair a little, he tilted his head up even with his eyes and looked the cards slowly, bringing each new card into view, separately.

"Two," Signora said.

O'Connor glanced quickly at Signora from under heavy lids. "You captain's hold a hoker?" he said. "You are looking the percentages."

Signora looked at his cards then and slipped them on the bottom of his hands. He laid the hand on the table in front of him.

"If you think I'm holding a hoker," he said, "you can always bet on it." "Poker's figured on the percentages."



O'Connor said, "Play them and you was on the long run."

Darling helped himself. Under the black coat of the single lamp burning overhead, his young face looked dim and tight. A shadow of black beard lay on his cheeks.

"Due to the dealer," he said. He flicked a corner of the card with a thumb nail and saw that he'd jelled his house. When Jack held last! Scratchy, Finches, full houses. All for matches. He laid his cards down on the table and leaned back. He and Signora looked at O'Connor.

At the window, O'Connor said, "There's a guy going in."

O'Connor counted twenty matches and pushed them to the center. "What's he look like? This captain's

sure your three of a kind say, Signa? Signora left his cards on the table. "The hell with it," he said. "Keep him hot, Signora." O'Connor said, "He looks too short. Too much weight."

The window had a curtain blind, lowered and closed. A dark shape was pulled across behind the blind. O'Connor stood to one side of the window, lifting the shade a thin crack for his eye. From there he could get a knid's edge of vision past the edge of the blind.

The weight could be padding. O'Connor said, "Twenty to you, kid."

Darling's nerves were screaming. He was backing up high voltage sitting in a hard chair looking at percentages for matches. He wanted to throw in his hand and move around some. But he didn't. He didn't because he had a full house, and when you have a full house you play it for all its worth, three for matches. Maybe it's a principle.

He counted twenty and twenty.

"Bare," he said.

O'Connor looked at his cards and up at his cheeks and his lips were pinned like a cupid's. With one hand that wasn't holding the cards, he fingered his pole of matches. Bag deal. As if they were blue chips at fifty per. With O'Connor, it was principle.

"Mate," he said. "It's your night, kid. Move around." He showed a pad of Ladies and leaned back, laid across on the rear legs of his chair. The leather strap of his hoker stretched tight diagonally across his back chair, and a black automobile was revealed under his armpit.

"How about some coffee?" Signora said. He got up and moved to a pot on a hot plate. Darling got up, too, stretching across the tension of muscles and nerves.

"If it's him—" O'Connor turned at the window, lifting the shade slightly



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down his fingers. Every one looked at O'Connor, who continued as he was, looking back to the chair, looking at Denning through them. But he wasn't seeing Denning now. After a moment he dropped the match on the table and went over to the phone. Under the surveillance of three pairs of eyes he spoke lazily to guests and hang up.

"Kelly, all right," he said. "The guy went into the room."

Cayowaka stopped away from the window, which in his eyes and in his voice he spoke as if the waiting had been worse than what remained to be done.

"It's him," he said. "And time, too. High time."

O'Connor stretched, standing high with both arms, using up to his rear his eyes had gone strangely still, glancing with a dream. "Maybe Maybe not. It's dark as the hell up there. Kelly couldn't be sure."

The coffee had begun to boil, and the smell of it was in the room; Cayowaka reached out and jerked the plug of the hot plate.

"Let's find out," he said.

O'Connor went over to his chair and dragged into his coat. He looked for a moment at the sissy butt of his eyes and let it drop into an over-shoulder look on the table.

No longer, he said dreamily.

"What's at the bottom of the five cups in the coat? Kelly's in the alley. Kelly's in the room across the hall. Maybe it's Conner, and probably, it is. If it is, he won't go anywhere. He's there for us, like a rat in a trap, and we'll take him in our own good time. Drink your coffee, Sissy."

Saguna jerked his shoulder against it and finished for a cigarette.

"To hell with the coffee," he said.

Denning watched O'Connor, a little advanced of the right pronouncing of his name; the almost painful dash of the pulse in his throat. O'Connor

was a tough old woman. He'd seen a lot of this kind of stuff. He played the game as Denning's old man had played checkers, setting his traps and waiting, moving in for the kill without hurry or haste.

Conner, Denning thought. O'Connor called him Conner. Not Conner. Reuben, which in his full name, was even Reuben Stone, which would give some appropriation, but just Conner. The derivative. The little name of affection. That's the way the game is played. You wait, despite the losses in a room playing poker for matches. You wait for a killer who kills for him, and probably in his honor for him, and who has finally made the mistake of killing a cop under the eyes of a woman with the guts to talk. You wait the thirty-six hours to take him dead or alive in a trap well set, and in your own hands you hope that you take him dead. So you stretch, and you smile, and you tell him Conner, the pet diminutive, and you hope to see his blood in a matter of minutes.

"What I can't understand," Denning said, "is how you know he'd come. You said he'd come to see a woman in that room up there, but it doesn't stand to reason. Whatever he is, he's no fool, and he's hot for murder, and it doesn't stand to reason that he'd come out for any woman on earth."

O'Connor smiled as if he were talking to himself and an element of discomfort came into the wife.

"I know he'd come," he said. "I know, because I know Conner Reuben. Oh, I know him like I know the palm of my hand. He's a desk, smooth prince of a killer. He's killed for him, and he's killed for the hell of it, and always with the brains to keep himself clean. But now he's mine. He's mine in a room with the one woman who could bring him out, and I'll take him dead if there's any price."

He stopped talking, staring across at Denning without focus, and suddenly he looked what he was. An old man. A tired man. A tired old cop with years of tough work behind him.

"You wanted a long time for Conner," he said. "A long, long time."

Saguna crossed and ground his cigarette under an angry heel. "Let's move," he said. "Let's get the hell over these."

O'Connor's eyes, turned to Saguna, came sharply to focus. He inspired some, Sissy, sure. We're going now. Right now."

They went, the four of them, down to the narrow street between old buildings. They walked under a strip of sunlight sky with the moon a slyly aware behind an awning. Besides them, nothing lived in the street, except the wind, and there was no sound, except the sound of wind touched things—the snapping rustle of a newspaper, the rattle of a garbage can. It was cold.

In the deep shadow of the building from which they emerged, they stopped, and O'Connor spoke freely.

Cayowaka, you Wren in the snow. You'll have to go around to the alley and to the rear. Sissy, you go with Cayowaka, but keep with King in the alley." He passed, looking up at Denning, his lips drawn back off his teeth in a stiff grin. "You're a big kid, Denning. Big and tough. Besides, you are riding your luck. You'll come with me."

Cayowaka and Saguna moved away, and O'Connor moved quickly, his head thrown back, staring up at the dark building across the street.

The room's toward the rear," he said. "No sign of the street."

He crossed the floorpath and stepped off, Denning at his heels. In Denning's ears, the hollow sound of their heels on the rough back of the old street had the cadence of a death march. He wondered wryly how long a

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man could ride his luck before he fell off. Maybe you can't up tilting your house from a path of crabs for much. Maybe, when you need it for bigger things, you find there's none left. He was grumped that his pulse was now normal. What he felt was no more than a realistic acceptance of his past in what seemed an unreasonable order of things.

They went up two flights of stairs and then to the third floor hall. Up there, the cold was soft and heavy and almost tangible. It wrapped itself around Denning like a chimney band. The place was like a museum, as if, behind closed doors, unmarked ropes marked their final, impersonal disposition. Denning turned his stiff lips into an ironic smirk, wishing that he had no more than a corpse or two to concern him. Behind one of these doors, caught in O'Connor's pauseless loop, was the most dangerous of all wild animals—a human killer.

They walked the old boards cautiously, without sound. Down the hall, a door swung inward with a whisper of hinges, and Kelly, a black shadow, slipped into the hall to confront them. He pattered to the closed door across the hall and O'Connor nodded. Denning saw that O'Connor's automatic had appeared as if by magic as O'Connor's hand. Strange, Denning thought. He hadn't seen O'Connor reach for the gun at all.

Moving on to the redwood door, O'Connor moved the wall and crashed Denning behind him. Kelly flung himself against the wall on the other side of the door. O'Connor's

heavy fist, hammering the thirty panel, was a sudden violation of the suspended silence. His voice, raised above the racket of his pounding, remained, somehow, for all its volume, its nature of calmness.

"Okay, Connie. We've got you nailed. Don't make trouble for yourself, boy."

Inside the room, where silence for a long moment, while all sound and action hung suspended. Then the expected, shocking explosion and the ripping of the panel where O'Connor's hand had been a moment before. O'Connor laughed excitedly and sent a slug smacking into the old lock of the door.

"It's about five years to come," he shouted, "and it's dead will bring him."

Beyond the door, a window opened to an oak wall. Another slug ripped through the panel, and further away, below in the main, there were a series of explosions.

"He's on the last escape," O'Connor said. "Get the door down!"

Denning found himself throwing his two hundred pounds against the door. He felt the lever give, being hit a second on an edge of metal, and then crash inward. He plunged into the room in a head-long sprint, getting a blurred impression of curtains billowing at a window, of a seated woman staring at him with wide, stricken eyes. Then he was through the torn door.

On the sharp-angled steps a floor below, O'Connor lifted his waiting slide in sudden illumination from the

window beside him. "The roof! He went for the roof!"

From a small platform, an iron ladder went up on the perpendicular bar. Gun in hand, Denning took it fast, throwing himself without drink over the gutter above. The vicious whine of a machine slipped into his ears. A splash of dark, slipped his cheek. He lay on a shoulder on his back and groined and rolled on his back, driving his black shape of a vestlike jacket away beyond him, another dog nosed off the back.

The shot had come from the shadow of a chimney across the roof. Under cover of the ventilation, Denning coughed and waited. There was movement at the edge of the back wall, shadow slipping within shadow, and he fired once. The shadow quivered.

Then he became aware of other movement. Not at the chimney, but wide of it and beyond it. The flat expanse of roof seemed to stir and break. A long dog lifted slowly, inch by painful inch. And Denning realized suddenly that O'Connor had not followed him into the room below and on to the fire escape. Quickly, for diversion, he snatched two steps in the direction of the chimney, and the small movement of the roof erupted as dramatic violence. Orange vapors belted the darkness, and the crash of O'Connor's gun repeated itself.

Denning stood up. There was a wild, uncontrolled wagging in his head. He felt a little sick to his stomachs and his cheek burned like hot. Carefully, squaring his feet wide, he walked over to the chimney.

O'Connor was standing there beside the body of Connie Rubens. If he was aware of Denning, he gave no sign. It was as if he and Connie were up there on the roof alone. Denning had a sudden disquieting feeling that he was standing on a historic cinder's cemetery.

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'Good-bye, Connie boy,' O'Connor said as a crowd, light cone of dust

Turning, Deering found his way to the trap door and down. In the hall below, he waited back to the room from which Connie Richman had fled. Five women were still there, sitting and looking in his chair. She had a thin, drawn face with big light eyes. They stared at each other, she and Deering, without speaking. Deering was sure that the woman's chair was equipped with wheels. A light blanket covered the woman's legs.

Behind Deering, O'Connor spoke harshly. 'Connie's dead as those he killed.'

He was speaking to the woman, but she didn't answer. She didn't even look at him.

There gathered slowly in her eyes was a spark over on to the wall clock. 'I'm without word. That's for a killer who would require no other proof than this.'

Deering moved again, out into the hall past O'Connor, who, following, said: 'I'll call the main wagon.'

He went into Kelly's room and used the phone. When he came out, Deering said, 'That woman in there. She's stopped.'

'Yeah,' O'Connor said. 'Paralyzed. What's she to do?' Deering?

'She was Connie's wife,' O'Connor said. 'That's how I knew Connie would come. She was related here. No friends. No money. No one to take care of her. Connie had to come.'

Look, Deering said, 'Connie was a born killer. A couple for him. A guy who had no right to live. You taking me for a riskier life to come back here for a woman? A crippled woman?'

O'Connor stood quietly, looking over Deering's shoulder at nothing, his eyes curiously blank. 'Yeah,' he said. 'Wouldn't anybody?'

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Marriage is give and take. When a man doesn't give, the wife takes.

A married man is a bachelor whose back finally goes out.

Most women marry for keeps. They keep asking for fans, jewelry.

Asked who introduced him to his wife, one fellow replied: "We just met. I don't blame anybody."

His man told a friend that his wife visits for him for food they go to a restaurant.

This chap no longer calls his wife an old hen—just since he sent to the country. He found out that hens shut up at sunset.

One evening he was sitting at the window and he casually called to his spouse: "There goes that woman Chan-ley in an love with." His wife dropped a plate she was wiping, threw through the door, knocked over a lamp and crashed her head out of the window.

"Whose? Whose?" she panted. "There," replied her husband. "That woman in the green suit standing at the corner." "Yes, whose?" frowned the lady. "That's his wife," the husband nodded. "Yes," he said. "I know."

When a woman is looking for the woman who has cooked her husband's attentions towards her, she should not neglect to look in the mirror.

When a man cannot take it any longer, he gets out. Then he has to pay attorney. Of course, you know what attorney is? It is money a man is forced to pay his loved-ones.

An ideal husband

And the man of the hour is the one whose wife told him to wait a moment.

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When did the family start? It started with a young man falling in love with a girl. No superior alternative has yet been found.

One thing about Eve. She never told Adam how many men she could have married.

One chap we know changed on a few occasions when his wife died. It appears that she was cremated.



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